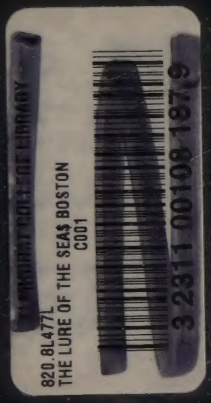
THE LURE OF THE SEA

EDITED BY F·H·LEE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The Lure of the Sea

THE LURE OF THE SEA

SEA LORE OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Edited by F. H. Lee

Boston · *1926*

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION ix

SEA FEVER · JOHN MASEFIELD 3

THE HEART'S DESIRE : H. M. TOMLINSON 5

A PASSER–BY · ROBERT BRIDGES 17

WHERE LIES THE LAND? · A. H. CLOUGH 19

A GLORY DEPARTED · C. ERNEST FAYLE 20

THE MAGIC OF THE WEST · H. D. LOWRY 26

THE ICE CART · W. W. GIBSON 28

ENCHANTMENT · JOSHUA SLOCUM 30

A DUTCH PICTURE : HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW 34

WANDER–THIRST · GERALD GOULD 37

THE MOON IS UP · ALFRED NOYES 39

PSALM CVII, 23–30 41

BEING ASHORE · JOHN MASEFIELD 42

DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP · JOSEPH CONRAD 48

OFF THE HORN · BASIL LUBBOCK 52

SINGING SAILORMEN · "A GRAND-FLEET CHAPLAIN" 71

AFTER FORTY YEAR · DAVID BONE 75

AN ICEBERG · RICHARD HENRY DANA 85

FROM "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER" · SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE 87

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA · CHARLES DICKENS 90

THE STORM AT YARMOUTH · CHARLES DICKENS 93
SAILOR'S CONSOLATION · CHARLES DIBDIN 104
THE SHIP OF FOOLS (1577) : ST. JOHN LUCAS 106
THE CHASE · HERMAN MELVILLE 108
A WANDERER'S SONG · JOHN MASEFIELD 127
ORCA GLADIATOR · LOUIS BECKE 128
THE VOYAGE · LORD TENNYSON 137
THE SINGULAR FATE OF THE BRIG POLLY · RALPH D. PAINE 140
JACK–ALL–ALONE · MORLEY ROBERTS 158
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN · J. WALKER MCSPADDEN 174
THE DEMON–SHIP · THOMAS HOOD 177
PIRATE *v.* SHARK · J. E. PATTERSON 182
SMOKED SKIPPER · W. W. JACOBS 199
THE LAST BUCCANEER · LORD MACAULAY 217
THE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD · HENRY GILBERT 219
THE OLD SUPERB · SIR HENRY NEWBOLT 230
THE DUNRAVEN: A Q–BOAT EPISODE · SIR HENRY NEWBOLT 233
THE LONG TRAIL · RUDYARD KIPLING 239

INTRODUCTION

THE influence of the sea on national character is a topic which attracts the student rather than the average reader; but the influence of the sea on English literature is a subject from which the average reader cannot escape. It would be an interesting, and a not unprofitable, diversion to enumerate the great writers, and to compare the number who have been at some time fascinated by the sea with those who have passed it by — either with no mention at all, or with a mere nod of indulgent or forced acquaintance. Few escape its spell, and very few avoid it entirely. The literature dealing with the sea is vast; and, of necessity, any anthology has to be limited in its scope.

The extracts which make this volume are concerned primarily with the Lure of the Sea in contemporary literature. This lure is not to be confined within the limits of a terse definition. It includes the mysterious call of the sea itself, with its compelling awe and wonder in storm and calm; the glory of its men, with their joys and sorrows; the beauty of the ships — symbols of high romance. All these, and more, are held to be included in the Lure of the Sea. It is a thing of the spirit, to be felt and experienced rather than to be expressed in set metaphysical terms.

Such a spirit is best revealed in a tale or felt in a poem; and, for this reason, the haunting poem and well-told tale

have been chosen for inclusion rather than the philosophical essay or impersonal description. Each of these has its place in literature, and the reader who lives entirely on lively narrative is no more to be commended than he who will not condescend to come down to earth from the high altitudes of philosophy.

Most of the extracts are by contemporary authors who have written of what they have experienced. The advance of years has not eliminated the essential characteristics of the viking spirit. The indomitable love of hazard, the careless abandonment of self in a perilous quest, the charm of voyaging, and the almost inhuman desire to grapple with unconquerable forces still move men and permeate much of our present-day literature; and it will be found that the passages pulsate with life, breathe hopes and fears, throb with passion, reveal mysteries, romance, and high adventure. Nor has humor been despised. "A book which is not amusing lacks the highest of all recommendations." While it is hoped that breadth of view will be gained from literature such as this, it is certain that literature will not be looked on as a thing of the past, as something remote from and foreign to the life of to-day.

The contrast between the sea and the mountains is a favorite one, and has often been made. On the mountains a sense of kindliness combined with eternity stimulates many minds — particularly those of an introspective nature — and draws them to the hills rather than to the sea. "The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity;

the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains dwarf mankind and foreshorten the processions of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time, it has no sympathy with either; for it belongs to eternity and of that it sings its monotonous song for ever and ever." One feels the truth of this — the sea is unresponsive to the whims of man — but it does lure him in a manner which the mountains do not. Moreover, though man is not unconscious of this lack of sympathy he is neither crushed by this indifference nor conquered by this apparent enmity. He is a sentient being and endows his ship with the same quality. The seaman and his ship become as one, striving to control the untamed —

strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

This spirit is characteristic of all tales of the sea, and scarcely a week passes but one finds confirmation of it. Soon after midnight on June 2, 1923, the *Trevessa* sank. With great difficulty two boats were launched. In one boat there were twenty-one souls, in the other twenty-three. Both the crews faced two thousand miles of the Indian Ocean with little but their own unconquerable wills. One boat had two sextants and no charts; the other had charts and no sextants. The officers decided to make for an island almost two thousand miles away. The boats were separated; the weather was "dirty"; there was a lack of fresh water — "The sea mocked their thirst"; but the majority of the crews reached their desired haven. Surely no stronger support of this view is

necessary. The Lure of the Sea may prove not only an enticement, but also a deception. The spirit of man rises above them both.

All poetry and noble prose gain much by being read aloud, and many of the passages in "The Lure of the Sea" lend themselves to this. The importance of this needs to be emphasized to-day when the unspoken drama bids fair to oust the spoken.

Literature can never be a language of dumb show or gesture, and a full appreciation of beauty in sound and rhythm and of melody in diction can be obtained only by hearing the spoken word. True, an expert can assess the value of a symphony from a study of the score, but the joy of sound makes the largest appeal, and this is especially true of literature.

The compiler fails in his task if the book should not prove an incentive to further reading. Each of the authors represented has written much that is absorbing, and it is hoped that the extracts will at least awaken or foster a desire for an extended knowledge of and sympathy with the men that go down to the sea in ships, and thus lead the active soul and mind of youth to respond readily to the spirit which underlies the Lure of the Sea.

The Lure of the Sea

SEA FEVER[1]

JOHN MASEFIELD

JOHN MASEFIELD, frequently referred to as the "Chaucer of to-day", was born in Ledbury, Hertfordshire, England, in 1874. He ran away from home at the age of fifteen and lived a life of vagabondage sometimes on land and sometimes at sea. He came to America in 1902, and there made the decision that dedicated his life to poetry. In 1911 he published his long narrative poem, "The Everlasting Mercy", and followed it with "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "The Dauber." "Sea Fever" and "A Wanderer's Song" on page 127 are from his "Collected Poems."

I MUST go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

[1] From "Collected Poems", copyright 1912, 1913 by The Macmillan Company and 1911, 1918 by John Masefield.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

THE HEART'S DESIRE[1]

H. M. TOMLINSON

H. M. TOMLINSON was born in 1873. In 1904 he began his journalistic career, followed by three years of war correspondence, that prepared the way for "Old Junk", "London River" (from which "The Heart's Desire" was taken), "Waiting for Daylight" and "Tidemarks."

IF the evening was one of those which seem longer than usual, but still have far to go, it was once a custom in Millwall to find a pair of boots of which it could be claimed that it was time they were mended, and to carry the artful parcel round to Mr. Pascoe. His cobbler's shop was in a street that had the look of having retired from the hurry and press of London, aged, dispirited, and indifferent even to its defeat, and of waiting vacantly for what must come to elderly and shabby despondence. Each grey house in the street was distinguished but by its number and the ornament which showed between the muslin curtains of its parlour window. The home of the Jones's had a geranium, and so was different from one neighbour with a ship's model in gypsum, and from the other whose sign was a faded photograph askew in its frame. On warm evenings some of the women would be sitting on their doorsteps, watching with dull faces their children at play, as if experience had told them more

[1] Reprinted from "London River" by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

than they wanted to know, but that they had nothing to say about it. Beyond this street there was emptiness. It ended, literally, on a blind wall. It was easy for a wayfarer to feel in that street that its life was caught. It was secluded from the main stream, and its children were a lively yet merely revolving eddy. They could not get out. When I first visited Mr. Pascoe, as there was no window ornament to distinguish his place from the others, and his number was missing, I made a mistake, and went next door. Through a hole drilled in that wrong door a length of cord was pendant, with a greasy knot at its end. Underneath the knot was chalked " Pull." I pulled. The door opened on a mass of enclosed night. From the street it was hard to see what was there, so I went inside. What was there might have been a cavern — narrow, obscure, and dangerous with dim obstructions. Some of the shadows were darker than others, because the cave ended, far-off, on a port light, a small square of day framed in black. Empty space was luminous beyond that cave. Becoming used to the gloom I saw chains and cordage hanging from the unseen roof. What was faintly like the prow of a boat shaped near. Then out from the lumber and suggestions of things a gnome approached me. " Y' want ole Pascoe? Nex' dore, guv'nor! " At that moment, in the square of bright day at the end of the darkness, the apparition of a ship silently appeared, and was gone again before my surprise. That open space beyond was London River.

Next door, in a small room to which day and night were the same, Mr. Pascoe was always to be found bending over his hobbing foot under a tiny yellow fan of

gaslight which could be heard making a tenuous shrilling whenever the bootmaker looked up and ceased riveting. When his head was bent over his task only the crown of a red and matured cricketing cap, which nodded in time to his hammer, was presented to you. When he paused to speak, and glanced up, he showed a face that the gas-jet, with the aid of many secluded years, had tinctured with its own artificial hue, a face puckered through a long frowning intent on old boots. He wore an apron that had ragged gaps in it. He was a frail and dingy little man, and might never have had a mother, but could have been born of that dusky workroom, to which he had been a faithful son all his life. It was a murky interior shut in from the day, a litter of petty tools and nameless rubbish on a ruinous bench, a disorder of dilapidated boots, that mean gas-jet, a smell of leather; and there old Pascoe's hammer defiantly and rapidly attacked its circumstances, driving home at times, and all unseen, more of those rivets. If he rose to rake over his bench for material or a tool, he went spryly, aided by a stick, but at every step his body heeled over because one leg was shorter than the other. Having found what he wanted he would wheel round, with a strange agility that was apparently a consequence of his deformity, continuing his discourse, and driving his points into the air with his hammer, and so hobble back, still talking; still talking through his funny cap, as his neighbours used to say of him. At times he convoluted aerial designs and free ideas with his hammer, spending it aloft on matters superior to boots. The boots were never noticed. Pascoe could revivify his dust. The glitter of his spectacles when he looked up might

have been the sparkling of an ardent vitality suppressed in his little body.

The wall space of his room was stratified with shelves, where half-seen bottles and nondescript lumps were to be guessed at, like fossils embedded in shadow. They had never been moved, and they never would be. Hanging from a nail on one shelf was a framed lithograph of the ship *Euterpe*, off St. Catherine's Point, July 21, 1849. On the shelf below the picture was a row of books. I never saw Pascoe look at them, and they could have been like the bottles, retained by a careful man because of a notion that some day they would come in handy. Once, when waiting for Pascoe, who was out getting a little beer, I glanced at the volumes, and supposed they bore some relation to the picture of the ship; perhaps once they had been owned by that legendary brother of Pascoe's, a sailor, of whom I had had a misty apprehension. It would be difficult to say there had been a direct word about him. There were manuals on navigation, seamanship, and shipbuilding, all of them curiosities, in these later days, rather than expert guides. They were full of marginal notes, and were not so dusty as I had expected to find them. The rest of the books were of journeys in Central America and Mexico: *Three Years in Guatemala*; *The Buried Cities of Yucatan*; *Scenes on the Mosquito Coast*; *A Voyage to Honduras*. There was more of it, and of that sort. They were by authors long forgotten; but those books, too, looked as though they were often in use. Certainly they could not be classed with the old glue-pots and the lumber.

It was long after my first visit to Pascoe that he re-

ferred to those books. "Somebody told me," he said one evening, while offering me a share of his beer, "that you have been to the American tropics."

I told him I could say I had been been, but little more. I said it was a very big world.

"Yes," he said, after a pause; "and what a world. Think of those buried cities in Yucatan — lost in the forest, temples and gods and everything. Men and women there, once upon a time, thinking they were a fine people, the only great people, with a king and princesses and priests who made out they knew the mysteries, and what God was up to. And there were processions of girls with fruit and flowers on feast-days, and soldiers in gold armour. All gone, even their big notions. Their god hasn't got even a name now. Have you ever read the *Companions of Columbus*?"

I was as surprised as though one of his dim bottles in the shadows had suddenly glowed before my eyes, becoming magical with moving opalescence. What right had old Pascoe to be staring like that to the land and romance of the Toltecs? I had been under the impression that he read nothing but the Bible and *Progress and Poverty*. There was a biography of Bradlaugh, too, which he would quote copiously, and his spectacles used fairly to scintillate over that, and his yellow face to acquire a new set of cunning and ironic puckers; for I believe he thought, when he quoted Bradlaugh — whose name was nearly all I knew of that famous man — that he was becoming extremely modern, and a little too strong for my conventional and sensitive mind. But here he was, telling of Incas, Aztecs, and Toltecs, of buried cities, of

forgotten treasures, though mainly of the mind, of Montezuma, of the quetzal bird, and of the vanished splendour of nations that are now but a few weathered stones. It was the forlorn stones, lost in an uninhabited wilderness, to which he constantly returned. A brother of his, who had been there, perhaps had dropped a word once into Pascoe's ear while his accustomed weapon was uplifted over a dock-labourer's boot-heel, and this was what that word had done. Pascoe, with a sort of symbolic gesture, rose from his hobbing foot before me, tore the shoe from it, flung it contemptuously on the floor, and approached me with a flamboyant hammer.

And that evening I feared for a moment that Pascoe was spoiled for me. He had admitted me to a close view of some secret treasured charms of his memory, and believing that I was not uninterested, now, of course, he would be always displaying, for the ease of his soul, supposing we had a fellowship and a bond, his fascinating quetzals and Toltecs. Yet I never heard any more about them. There was another subject though, quite homely, seeing where we both lived, and equally absorbing for us both. He knew our local history, as far as our ships and house-flags were concerned, from John Company's fleet to the *Macquarie*. He knew, by reputation, many of our contemporary master mariners. He knew, and how he had learned it was as great a wonder as though he spoke Chinese, a fair measure of naval architecture. He could discuss ships' models as some men would Greek drama. He would enter into the comparative merits of rig suitable for small cruising craft with a peculiarity which, now and then, gave me a feeling almost akin to alarm; be-

cause in a man of Pascoe's years this fond insistence on the best furniture for one's own little ship went beyond fair interest, and became the day-dreaming of romantic and rebellious youth. At that point he was beyond my depth. I had forgotten long ago, though but half Pascoe's age, what my ship was to be like, when I got her at last. Knowing she would never be seen at her moorings, I had, in a manner of speaking, posted her as a missing ship.

One day I met at his door the barge-builder into whose cavernous loft I had stumbled on my first visit to Pascoe. He said it was a fine afternoon. He invited me in to inspect a figure-head he had purchased. "How's the old 'un?" he asked, jerking a thumb towards the boot-maker's. Then, with some amused winking and crafty tilting of his chin, he signed to me to follow him along his loft. He led me clean through the port-light of his cave, and down a length of steps outside to his yard on the foreshore of the Thames, where, among his barges hauled up for repairs, he paused by a formless shape covered by tarpaulins.

"I've seen a few things in the way of boats, but this 'ere's a — well, what do you make of it?" He pulled the tarpaulin back, and disclosed a vessel whose hull was nearing completion. I did not ask if it was Pascoe's work. It was such an amusing and pathetic surprise, that, with the barge-builder's leering face turned to me waiting for my guess, there was no need to answer. "He reckons," said the barge-builder, "that he can do a bit of cruising about the mouth of the Thames in that. 'Bout all she wants now is to have a mast fitted, and to keep the water out, and she'll do." He chuckled grimly. Her lines were

crude, and she had been built up, you could see, as Pascoe came across timber that was anywhere near being possible. Her strakes were a patchwork of various kinds of wood, though when she was tarred their diversity would be hidden from all but the searching of the elements. It was astonishing that Pascoe had done so well. It was still more astonishing that he should think it would serve.

"I've given him a hand with it," remarked the barge-builder, "an' more advice than the old 'un 'ud take. But I dessay 'e could potter about with the dam' tub round about as far as Canvey, if 'e keeps out of the wash of the steamers. He's been at this job two years now, and I shan't be sorry to see my yard shut of it. . . . Must humour the old boy, though. . . . Nigglin' job, mending boots, I reckon. If I mended boots, I'd 'ave to let orf steam summow. Or go on the booze."

I felt hurt that Pascoe had not taken me into his confidence, and that his ship, so far as I was concerned, did not exist. One Saturday evening, when I called, his room was in darkness. Striking a match, there was his apron shrouding his hobbling foot. This had never happened before, and I turned into the barge-builder's. The proprietor there faced me silently for a moment, treasuring a jest he was going to give me when I was sufficiently impatient for it. "Come to see whether your boots are done? Well, they ain't. Pascoe's gone. Christened his boat this morning and pushed off. Gone for a trial trip. Gone down river."

"Good Lord," I said, or something of the sort.

"Yes," continued the barge-builder, luxuriating in it, "and I've often wondered what name he'd give her, and

he done it this morning, in gold leaf. D'yer remember what she looked like? All right. Well, 'er name is the *Heart's Desire*, and her skipper will be back soon, if she don't fall apart too far off."

Her skipper was not back soon, nor that day. We had no news of him the next day. A few women were in his workshop, when I called, hunting about for footwear that should have been repaired and returned, but was not. "'Ere they are," cried one. "'Ere's young Bill's boots, and nothing done to 'em. The silly old fool. Why didn't 'e tell me 'e was going to sea? 'Ow's young Bill to go to school on Monday now?" The others found their boots, all urgently wanted, and all as they were when Pascoe got them. A commination began of light-minded cripples who took in young and innocent boots, promising them all things, and then treacherously abandoned them, to do God knew what; and so I left.

This became serious; but old Pascoe, with his *Heart's Desire*, had vanished, like his Toltecs. A week went by. The barge-builder, for whom this had now ceased to be a joke, was vastly troubled by the complete disappearance of his neighbour, and shook his head over it. Then a few lines in an evening paper, from a port on the Devon coast, looked promising, though what they wished to convey was not quite clear, for it was a humorous paragraph. But the evidence was strong enough for me, and on behalf of the barge-builder and a few others I went at once to that west-coast harbour.

It was late at night when I arrived, and bewildering with rain, total darkness, and an upheaval of cobbles in by-ways that wandered to no known purpose. But a guide

presently brought me to a providential window, and quarters in the Turk's Head. In my room I could hear a continuous murmuring, no doubt from the saloon bar below, and occasional rounds of hearty merriment. That would be the place for news, and I went down to get it. An oil-lamp veiled in tobacco smoke was hanging from a beam of a sooty ceiling. A congregation of longshoremen, visible in the blue mist and smoky light chiefly because of their pink masks, was packed on benches round the walls. They laughed aloud again as I went in. They were regarding with indulgent interest and a little shy respect an elegant figure overlooking them, and posed negligently against the bar, on the other side of which rested the large bust of a laughing barmaid. She was as amused as the men. The figure turned to me as I entered, and stopped its discourse at once. It ran a hand over its white brow and curly hair with a gesture of mock despair. "Why, here comes another to share our *Heart's Desire*. We can't keep the beauty to ourselves."

It was young Hopkins, known to every reader of the *Morning Despatch* for his volatility and omniscience. It was certainly not his business to allow any place to keep its secrets to itself; indeed, his reputation including even a capacity for humour, the world was frequently delighted with more than the place itself knew, even in secret. Other correspondents from London were also in the room. I saw them vaguely when Hopkins indicated their positions with a few graceful flourishes of his hand. They were lost in Hopkins's assurance of occupying superiority. They were looking on. "We all got here yesterday," explained Hopkins. "It's a fine story, not without its funny touches. And

it has come off jolly handy in a dull season when people want cheering up. We have found the Ancient Mariner. He was off voyaging again, but his ship's magic was washed out by heavy weather. And while beer is more plentiful than news, we hope to keep London going with some wonders of the deep."

In the morning, before the correspondents had begun on the next instalment of their serial story, I saw Pascoe sitting up in a bed at another inn, his expenses an investment of the newspaper men. He was unsubdued. He was even exalted. He did not think it strange to see me there, though it was not difficult to guess that he had his doubts about the quality of the publicity he had attracted, and of the motive for the ardent attentions of his new and strange acquaintances from London. "Don't be hard on me," he begged, "for not telling you more in London. But you're so cautious and distrustful. I was going to tell you, but was uncertain what you'd say. Now I've started and you can't stop me. I've met a man here named Hopkins, who has given me some help and advice. As soon as my craft is repaired, I'm off again. It was unlucky to meet that sou'wester in July. But once out of home waters, I ought to be able to pick up the Portuguese trade-wind off Finisterre, and then I'm good for the Caribbees. I'll do it. She should take no more than a fortnight to put right."

There was no need to argue with him. The *Heart's Desire*, a centre of attraction in the place, answered any doubt I had as to Pascoe's safety. But he was humoured. Hopkins humoured him, even openly encouraged him. The *Heart's Desire* was destined for a great adventure.

The world was kept in anticipation of a second departure for this strange voyage to Guatemala. The *Heart's Desire*, on the edge of a ship-repairer's yard, was tinkered, patched, refitted, made as right as she could be. The ship-repairer, the money for the work made certain for him, did what he was told, but made no comment, except to interrogate me curiously when I was about.

A spring tide, with a southerly wind, brought us to a natural conclusion. An unexpected lift of the water washed off the *Heart's Desire*, rolled her about, and left her broken on the mud. I met the journalists in a group on their way to the afternoon train, their faces still reflecting the brightness of an excellent entertainment. Hopkins took me aside. "I've made it right with old Pascoe. He hasn't lost anything by it, you can be sure of that." But I was looking for the cobbler, and all I wished to learn was the place where I was likely to find him. They did not know that.

Late that evening I was still looking for him, and it had been raining for hours. The streets of the village were dark and deserted. Passing one of the many inns, which were the only illumination of the village, I stumbled over a shadow on the cobbles outside. In the glow of a match I found Pascoe, drunk, with his necessary stick beside him, broken.

A PASSER–BY

ROBERT BRIDGES

ROBERT (SEYMOUR) BRIDGES, appointed Poet Laureate of England in 1913, was born October 23, 1844. He was educated at Eton and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. After leaving the latter he studied medicine and became assistant physician at the Children's Hospital, an experience from which he undoubtedly drew the observations that led Lafcadio Hearn to assert, "there is no topic Robert Bridges has treated more exquisitely and touchingly than certain phases of childhood, the purity of childhood, the pathos of childhood." Among his chief words are "October" and "The Spirit of Man." "A Passer-by" is taken from "Poetical Works."

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived, am inhaling the odorous air:
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare:

Nor is aught, from the foaming reef to the snow-capped
grandest
Peak that is over the feathery palms, more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

WHERE LIES THE LAND?

A. H. Clough

A. H. (Arthur Hugh) Clough was born in Liverpool in 1819. He was educated at Rugby and at Oxford, and later became a tutor in Oriel College. For three years he was Professor of English Literature in University College, London. In 1852 he visited the United States and became a close friend of Longfellow. Among his works are "The Long Vacation Pastoral" and "Ambarvalia." In November, 1861, he died in Florence.

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

A GLORY DEPARTED

C. Ernest Fayle

C. Ernest Fayle, born in 1880, is the author of "Seaborn Trade" (History of the Great War prepared by direction of the Historical Section, Committee of Imperial Defence). He has lectured, since 1920, at The Royal Naval War College, and the Royal Naval Staff College, Greenwich. He learned the "lure of the sea" in a voyage to Australia on the clipper ship "Torrens", 1900–1. "A Glory Departed" appeared in *The Challenge* January 5, 1923.

WE were discussing, soberly enough, certain problems of trade and shipping when I happened to mention my one long voyage in a sailing vessel. "Ah yes," said Captain —— with a new animation in his voice, "but she wasn't a flyer like my old ship." His tone was so full of pride and affection that it was with an eager interest I enquired her name. "*Cutty Sark*," he replied, "I was in her when she made her last run home with tea from China." It was like meeting a man who had known King Arthur intimately.

Even among those who have made no special study of the sea, the name of *Cutty Sark* is known as one of the fastest and smartest — many would say *the* fastest and smartest — of the wonderful clippers with whom the old order at sea culminated, and passed away. Too late for the great years of the tea races from Foochow, she was for many years the crack ship of the wool fleet from Australia which carried on, right into the nineties, so gal-

lant a fight against the competition of the steamer; but like most of her consorts, she was at length 'sold foreign,' and until her recent purchase brought her back to the British register she had been knocking about under the Portuguese flag, forgotten by all but a few who had known and loved her. To-day, when the windjammer has ceased almost entirely to count as a factor in ocean trade, the glories of the old clippers have acquired an almost legendary savour, and this chance meeting with one who had served in *Cutty Sark* in the days of her greatness brought home with something of a shock the narrowness of the gulf that separates us from an era now irrevocably past.

It set me trying to fathom the secret of that romance which clings around the names of the China and Colonial clippers — *Ariel, Sir Lancelot, Thermopylæ, Salamis* — and is denied, fairly or unfairly, to their successors, the ocean greyhounds of to-day. We all know what Kipling's old Scotch engineer thought of the amateur yachtsman who asked him, "Mister MacAndrews, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" and the creator of MacAndrews has proved, if it needed proving, that poetry and romance can be found in the engine-room as well as on the skysail yard; yet for most of us the white-winged clipper has a charm and personality that we cannot so fully associate with the masterpieces of modern marine architecture. I do not know whether a man would be moved, as Captain —— was moved, in saying "I was in the *Mauretania* when she won the blue riband of the Atlantic." I am sure we should not listen to him with the same thrill.

It is not merely, as has sometimes been suggested, a question of beauty. True, the towering canvas, the tapering spars, the clipper bow are gone; but the lines of an *Olympic* or a *Mauretania* have a beauty of their own, a beauty firmly based on essential rightness and fitness for purpose. It is not 'the taint of commercialism.' *Ariel* and *Cutty Sark* were run to pay, and though success in the race home with tea from China or with wool from Australia was a matter of personal pride to owner, master, and crew, the main object of the race was to reach London in time for the first sales of the season. A reputation as a flyer had its cash value in the freight markets.

There are many other causes that have been advanced for the passing of the glamour that surrounds the sailing ship — the substitution of the big impersonal company for the individual owner, the smaller opportunities for human contacts on board a mammoth liner, the lesser value of instinctive seamanship and long experience in a steamer's crew. Almost all of them connect themselves in some way with a loss of that personality which the sailing ship possessed, and to which Joseph Conrad has given imperishable expression. There is one factor in this loss of personality, however, which has perhaps been insufficiently emphasized. The quality in the steamer that has done most to dim the romance of the sea is that which, from every other point of view, is her crowning glory. She suffers from the defect of reliability.

A ship is built to-day for a speed of 12, 15, 20 knots, and though her actual performance may vary a little from voyage to voyage, she will make passage after passage, in the liner trades, to a fixed schedule of dates, and with a

variation of only a few hours in her actual time at sea. It is her boast that she may be depended on with almost mathematical certainty to make her port on the appointed day. The ratio of her speed to that of her rivals is known and recorded.

In the old days it was not so. When the clipper left port, it was never safe to calculate within a week the date of her arrival. Her passage was a matter of pluck and luck. *Cutty Sark,* of course, was a marvel, and the average of all her wool passages between 1874 and 1890 works out at 77 days, only five days above her best passage between port and port during that period; but *Serica,* one of the three who came home from Foochow in 99 days in the great race of 1866, took 120 in the following year, and four consecutive runs of *Salamis* from Melbourne to London give 94, 100, and 77 days respectively. These records, picked out at random from Mr. Basil Lubbock's fascinating volumes, *The China Clippers* and *The Colonial Clippers,* are only stray instances of a variation between voyage and voyage which, apart altogether from port delays or accidents, frequently presented still greater contrasts.

It was partly a matter of handling, of the smartness of the crew, of the tenacity with which the master would 'carry on,' when the gale drove others to shorten sail, the skill with which he could take advantage of the slightest puff of wind in the 'doldrums,' the judgment with which he shaped his course. It was partly a matter of luck; a long succession of contrary winds or baffling calms might nullify the effects of the most beautiful model and the most skilful seamanship. Hence there could be no reckoning with certainty on either the actual or the comparative

performances of the ships. The cracks raced year after year with varying and often alternate success; a change of master or the favour of the elements might bring the laggard of the fleet into the first flight.

This it was that gave to the old sailing tradition a large part of its vitality and thrill. The modern liner may have the satisfaction of lowering a record established by her predecessors, but the largest share of the glory goes to those who designed her hull and engines, and from the standard set on her maiden voyage she will show but small variation. To a great extent — for the argument must not be pushed too far — she is like a watch, which, once set and regularly wound, will keep time until it wears out. The clipper was like a high-metalled horse, responsive with the responsiveness of a living thing to the touch of her master, capable of being coaxed into surprising efforts, subject, as all living things are subject, to strange inconsistencies and reversals of fortune. For her, each voyage was a contest with other ships and with the elements, to the result of which neither her own previous performances, nor those of her rivals, afforded any sure pointer. For master, officers, and crew, each passage was one long struggle, calling for daring, skill, endurance and ceaseless vigilance.

This element of struggle is essential to romance. We can admire the skill by which victory is assured, but it is only so long as the event of a contest is uncertain that it stirs the blood, and the longer the odds, the greater the thrill. Set in a world where arduous effort and uncertain reward are the normal conditions of our existence, we cannot easily recognize a kinship to humanity in the effortless

certainty with which the machine performs its work. We have come to love the struggle for its own sake and to think more of the effort than of the attainment.

The heart of man revolts against the finality of accomplishment. The development of the steamship is a triumph over the elements; it enables man to sail at his own will, not the wind's; but for this triumph a price has been paid. The true romance of steam was in the days when the elements were still imperfectly subdued, when every ship was experimental, and the possibility of an Atlantic steamship service was a matter of bitter controversy. Now that we know what we can do, some of the savour has gone out of the doing.

It is for this reason that so large a proportion of our energy and inventiveness, so much of youth and daring and enterprise, are to-day directed not to the sea, but to the air, where unknown possibilities still remain to be explored. It is for this reason that, while the perils of the seas still surround every voyage with a halo of adventure, we look back with a special affection and pride to the doings of the *Cutty Sark* and her contemporaries, in days when the race was not always to the swift, and either personality or fortune could still upset the most careful calculations.

THE MAGIC OF THE WEST

H. D. Lowry

H. D. (Henry Dawson) Lowry was born in Truro, England, February 22, 1869. He was educated at Queen's College, Taunton, and at Oxford, and began writing at the age of twenty-one. He went to London two years later, wrote for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in 1897 joined the staff of the *Morning Post*. His works include "Wreckers and Methodists", "Women's Tragedies" and "A Man of Moods." He died October 23, 1906. "The Magic of the West" appeared in the *Weekly Westminster*.

I HAD let myself drift farther than I had dreamed. When I came out of my chambers to go to the usual dining-place, and force myself to eat the food necessary to keep life in me, I had no consciousness of being less well than a man ought to expect to be. But the wind was in the west, and May was nearing its end, and there came a call as clear as the voice of the girl you love speaking out of the dusk of the rose-garden on a summer night. I turned back to my rooms, and my packing was soon done. Nine o'clock found me at Paddington, and by eight in the morning I was here in the cottage which looks on the loveliest of all bays. I have slept; I have bathed in the clean, purifying Atlantic waters; I have lain in the sun on hot, white sands. I have wandered on cliffs and towans in the long-lingering twilight, and have gathered the glow-worms which now make our little lawn a near reflection of the skies. It were good to sleep, but to be awake is better. There is scarce a

light to be seen except the yellow revolving flash from Godrevy. The waves on the beach below fall with no more noise than that of the breathing of a child asleep, but from the distance comes the calling of the reef Hevra. Was it Hevra called me back to the west — Hevra that is always calling, day and night, to the hearts of the children of my country? Yesterday at this hour I had hardly escaped from London. Now it is as if I were a tree that had stood here for a hundred years, with always the good wind blowing and the sound of the sea. I shall sleep soon, but the light will flood the little room, and there will be the crying of gulls come over from the cliffs by Godrevy and Hell's Mouth to seek the mackerel thrown back to the sea to-night by the fishermen who had reached home too late to touch a price for their catch. Sunlight will be shining. Perhaps there will be a mist, and there will be no sound save the whisper of the sea and the falling of the drops from the caves; and the gulls will be only glints and glimpses of shining white, seen momentarily in the blue haze. The tide will go out and with it the mist, and it will be full day. Shall it be a walk to the pine wood on the hill, or shall one sail around about Hevra, or along by Gwithian Sands, and try for pollack, and visit the sea caves? That shall depend on the mood of the moment. Whatever shall be will be good, and now . . . Hevra, I have come back. Will you not give me the good sleep that I used to have?

THE ICE CART[1]

W. W. Gibson

W. W. (Wilfred Wilson) Gibson, styled "the Twentieth Century Thomas Hood", was born at Hexham, Northumberland, in 1878. He early allied himself on the side of the working class. His poems are largely realistic pictures of those who are compelled by force of circumstance to earn their living by physical labor. Though his works are mainly narrative, and deal with human hardships and the thwarted ambitions of the poor, they never lack sweetness and dignity. Among them are "Womankind", "Borderlands and Thoroughfares", "Battle and Other Poems", and "Daily Bread." "The Ice Cart" is taken from "Poems."

PERCHED on my city office-stool
I watched with envy, while a cool
And lucky carter handled ice. . . .
And I was wandering in a trice,
Far from the gray and grimy heat
Of that intolerable street,
O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,
Beneath the still, cold ruby glow
Of everlasting Polar night,
Bewildered by the queer half-light,
Until I stumbled, unawares
Upon a creek where big white bears
Plunged headlong down with flourished heels,
And floundered after shining seals

[1] From "Poems" by W. W. Gibson. Copyright, 1912 and 1917, by The Macmillan Company.

Among the seal-pack, young and hale,
And thrusting on with threshing tail,
With twist and twirl and sudden leap
Through shivering seas of blinding blue.
And as I watched them, ere I knew,
I'd stripped, and I was swimming, too,
Through crackling ice and salty deep —
Diving and doubling with my kind,
Until, at last, we left behind
Those big white, blundering bulks of death,
And lay, at length, with panting breath
Upon a far untravelled floe,
Beneath a gentle drift of snow —
Snow drifting gently, fine and white,
Out of the endless Polar night,
Falling and falling evermore
Upon that far untravelled shore,
Till I was buried fathoms deep
Beneath that cold, white drifting sleep —
Sleep drifting deep,
Deep drifting sleep. . . .
The carter cracked a sudden whip:
I clutched my stool with startled grip,
Awakening to the grimy heat
Of that intolerable street.

ENCHANTMENT

Joshua Slocum

Joshua Slocum, born on North Mountain, Nova Scotia, February 20, 1844, came of a family of sailors. He went to sea at an early age, and successively filled the important posts from cook to sailing master. It was this life that fitted him for his remarkable cruise around the world in the nine-ton sailing sloop, *Spray*, with a crew of one. "Enchantment" is an excerpt from actual experiences recorded in his book, "Sailing Alone Around the World."

I WAS born in a cold spot, on coldest North Mountain (Nova Scotia), on a cold February 20, though I am a citizen of the United States — a naturalized Yankee, if it may be said that Nova Scotians are not Yankees in the truest sense of the word. On both sides my family were sailors; and if any Slocum should be found not seafaring, he will show at least an inclination to whittle models of boats and comtemplate voyages. My father was the sort of man who, if wrecked on a desolate island, would find his way home, if he had a jack-knife and could find a tree. He was a good judge of a boat, but the old clay farm which some calamity made his was an anchor to him. He was not afraid of a capful of wind, and he never took a back seat at a camp-meeting or a good, old-fashioned revival.

As for myself, the wonderful sea charmed me from the first. At the age of eight I had already been afloat along with other boys on the bay with chances greatly in favour

of being drowned. When a lad I filled the important post of cook on a fishing-schooner; but I was not long in the galley, for the crew mutinied at the appearance of my first duff, and 'chucked me out' before I had a chance to shine as a culinary artist. The next step toward the goal of happiness found me before the mast in a full-rigged ship bound on a foreign voyage. Thus I came 'over the bows,' and not in through the cabin windows, to the command of a ship.

My best command was that of the magnificent ship *Northern Light*, of which I was part-owner. I had a right to be proud of her, for at that time — in the eighties — she was the finest American sailing-vessel afloat. Afterward I owned and sailed the *Aquidneck*, a little bark which of all man's handiwork seemed to me the nearest to perfection of beauty, and which in speed, when the wind blew, asked no favours of steamers. I had been nearly twenty years a shipmaster when I quit her deck on the coast of Brazil, where she was wrecked. My voyage home to New York with my family was made in the canoe *Liberdade*, without accident.

My voyages were all foreign. I sailed as freighter and trader principally to China, Australia, and Japan, and among the Spice Islands. Mine was not the sort of life to make one long to coil up one's ropes on land, the customs and ways which I had finally almost forgotten. And so when times for freighters got bad, as at last they did, and I tried to quit the sea, what was there for an old sailor to do? I was born in the breezes, and I had studied the sea as perhaps few men have studied it, neglecting all else. Next in attractiveness, after seafaring,

came shipbuilding. I longed to be master in both professions, and in a small way, in time, I accomplished my desire. From the decks of stout ships in the worst gales I had made calculations as to the size and sort of ship safest for all weathers and all seas. Thus the voyage which I am now to narrate was a natural outcome not only of my love of adventure, but of my lifelong experience.

One midwinter day of 1892, in Boston, where I had been cast up from old ocean, so to speak, a year or two before, I was cogitating whether I should apply for a command, and again eat my bread and butter on the sea, or go to work at the shipyard, when I met an old acquaintance, a whaling-captain, who said, "Come to Fairhaven and I'll give you a ship. But," he added, "she wants some repairs." The captain's terms, when fully explained, were more than satisfactory to me. They included all the assistance I would require to fit the craft for sea. I was only too glad to accept, for I had already found that I could not obtain work in the shipyard without first paying fifty dollars to a society, and as for a ship to command — there were not enough ships to go round. Nearly all our tall vessels had been cut down for coal barges, and were being ignominiously towed by the nose from port to port, while many worthy captains addressed themselves to Sailors' Snug Harbour.

The next day I landed at Fairhaven, opposite New Bedford, and found that my friend had something of a joke on me. For seven years the joke had been on him. The "ship" proved to be a very antiquated sloop called the *Spray,* which the neighbourhood declared had been built in the year 1. She was affectionately propped up in a field,

some distance from salt water, and was covered with canvas. The people of Fairhaven, I hardly need say, are thrifty and observant. For seven years they had asked, "I wonder what Captain Eben Pierce is going to do with the old *Spray*?" The day I appeared there was a buzz at the gossip exchange: at last some one had come and was actually at work on the old *Spray*. "Breaking her up, I s'pose?" "No; going to rebuild her." Great was the amazement. "Will it pay?" was the question which for a year or more I answered by declaring that I would make it pay.

[The *Spray's* dimensions were, when finished, thirty-six feet nine inches long, over all, fourteen feet two inches wide, and four feet two inches deep in the hold, her tonnage being nine tons net and twelve and seventy-one hundredths tons gross.]

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A DUTCH PICTURE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, known variously as the American poet of "hope, home and history" and as the poet of American "seaside and fireside", was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807 and died March 24, 1882. Though his genius directed itself largely toward American subjects, it vibrated between America and Europe. The following selection, taken from one of his numerous poetical works, reflects the influence of his travels.

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers;
He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
  Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
  Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
  Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whisker'd sentinels at their post,
  Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin,
  He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old sea-faring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
  And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
  Of the flickering fire of the wintry night;
Figures in colour and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
  Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of their ventures lost or won,
  And their talk is ever and ever the same,
While they drink the red wine of Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
  Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times, with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz! Why stayest thou here?
Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

WANDER-THIRST

GERALD GOULD

GERALD GOULD, born in 1885, was educated at Bracondale School, Norwich; University College, London; Magdalen College, Oxford. For nine years thereafter he devoted his time to teaching and writing, deserting the former profession in 1919 for journalism. He is the author of a number of volumes, among which are "The Helping Hand", "The Happy Tree" and "Lady Adela."

BEYOND the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be;
It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye;
For the seas call and the stars call, and oh! the call of the sky!

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are;
But a man can have the sun for friend, and for his guide a star;
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
For the river calls and the road calls, and oh! the call of bird!

Yonder the long horizon lies and there by night and day
The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail
away;
And come I may, but go I must, and if men ask you why,
You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the
white road and the sky!

THE MOON IS UP[1]

ALFRED NOYES

ALFRED NOYES, born in Staffordshire, England, in 1880, was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where his first published poem was written. His first book, "The Loom of the Years", was published when he was twenty-two years old. He occupied the chair of Modern English Literature at Princeton University for nine years and has lectured extensively in America. The following is taken from "Drake."

THE Moon is up. The stars are bright.
The wind is fresh and free.
We're out to seek for gold to-night
Across the silver sea.
The world was growing grey and old.
Break out the sails again!
We're out to seek a Realm of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

We're sick of all the cringing knees,
The courtly smiles and lies.
God, let Thy singing Channel breeze
Lighten our hearts and eyes!
Let love no more be bought and sold
For earthly loss or gain.
We're out to seek an Age of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.

[1] From the poem "Drake." Reprinted by permission from "Collected Poems" Volume I. Copyright, 1909, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Beyond the light of far Cathay,
  Beyond all mortal dreams,
Beyond the reach of night and day
  Our El Dorado gleams,
Revealing — as the skies unfold —
  A star without a stain,
The Glory of the Gates of Gold
  Beyond the Spanish Main.

PSALM CVII, 23–30

THEY that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;
These see the works of the LORD, and his wonders in the deep.
For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.
Then they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

BEING ASHORE

JOHN MASEFIELD

IN the nights, in the winter nights, in the nights of storm when the wind howls, it is then that I feel the sweet of it. Aha, I say, you howling catamount, I say, you may blow, wind, and crack your cheeks for all I care. Then I listen to the noise of the elm trees and to the creak in the old floorings, and, aha, I say, you whining rantipoles, you may crack and you may creak, but here I shall lie till daylight.

There is a solid comfort in a roaring storm ashore here. But on a calm day, when it is raining, when it is muddy underfoot, when the world is the colour of a drowned rat, one calls to mind more boisterous days, the days of effort and adventure; and wasn't I a fool, I say, to come ashore to a life like this life. And I was surely daft, I keep saying, to think the sea as bad as I always thought it. And if I were in a ship now, I say, I wouldn't be doing what I'm trying to do. And, ah! I say, if I'd but stuck to the sea I'd have been a third in a Cunard, or perhaps a second in a P.S.N. coaster. I wouldn't be hunched at a desk, I say, but I'd be up on a bridge — up on a bridge with a helmsman, feeling her do fifteen knots.

It is at such times that I remember the good days, the exciting days, the days of vehement and spirited living. One day stands out, above nearly all my days, as a day of joy.

We were at sea off the River Plate, running south like a stag. The wind had been slowly freshening for twenty-four hours, and for one whole day we had whitened the sea like a battleship. Our run for the day had been 271 knots, which we thought a wonderful run, though it has, of course, been exceeded by many ships. For this ship it was an exceptional run. The wind was on the quarter, her best point of sailing, and there was enough wind for a glutton. Our captain had the reputation of being a 'cracker-on,' and on this one occasion he drove her till she groaned. For that one wonderful day we staggered and swooped, and bounded in wild leaps, and burrowed down and shivered, and anon rose up shaking. The wind roared up aloft and boomed in the shrouds, and the sails bellied out as stiff as iron. We tore through the sea in great jumps — there is no other word for it. She seemed to leap clear from one green roaring ridge to come smashing down upon the next. I have been in a fast steamer — a very fast turbine steamer — doing more than twenty knots, but she gave me no sense of great speed. In this old sailing ship the joy of the hurry was such that we laughed and cried aloud. The noise of the wind booming, and the clack, clack, clack of the sheet-blocks, and the ridged seas roaring past us, and the groaning and whining of every block and plank, were like tunes for a dance. We seemed to be tearing through it at ninety miles an hour. Our wake whitened and broadened, and rushed away aft in a creamy fury. We were running here, and hurrying there, taking a small pull of this, and getting another inch of that, till we were weary. But as we hauled we sang and shouted. We

were possessed of the spirits of the wind. We could have danced and killed each other. We were in an ecstasy. We were possessed. We half believed that the ship would leap from the waters and hurl herself into the heavens, like a winged god. Over her bows came the sprays in showers of sparkles. Her foresail was wet to the yard. Her scuppers were brooks. Her swing-ports spouted like cataracts. Recollect, too, that it was a day to make your heart glad. It was a clear day, a sunny day, a day of brightness and splendour. The sun was glorious in the sky. The sky was of a blue unspeakable. We were tearing along across a splendour of sea that made you sing. Far as one could see there was the water shining and shaking. Blue it was, and green it was, and of a dazzling brilliance in the sun. It rose up in hills and in ridges. It smashed into a foam, and roared. It towered up again and toppled. It mounted and shook in a rhythm, in a tune, in a music. One could have flung one's body to it as a sacrifice, one longed to be in it, to be a part of it, to be beaten and banged by it. It was a wonder and a glory and a terror. It was a triumph, it was royal, to see that beauty.

And later, after a day of it, as we sat below, we felt our mad ship taking yet wilder leaps, bounding over yet more boisterous hollows, and shivering and exulting in every inch of her. She seemed filled with a fiery, unquiet life. She seemed inhuman, glorious, spiritual. One forgot that she was man's work. We forgot that we were men. She was alive, immortal, furious. We were her minions and servants. We were the star-dust whirled in the train of the comet. We banged our plates with the

joy we had in her. We sang and shouted, and called her the glory of the seas.

There is an end to human glory. "Greatness a period hath, no sta-ti-on." The end to our glory came when, as we sat at dinner, the door swung back from its hooks and a mate in oil-skins bade us come on deck "without stopping for our clothes." It was time. She was carrying no longer; she was dragging. To windward the sea was blotted in a squall. The line of the horizon was masked in a grey film. The glory of the sea had given place to greyness and grimness. Her beauty had become savage. The music of the wind had changed to a howl as of hounds.

And then we began to 'take it off her,' to snug her down, to check her in her stride. We went to the clew-lines and clewed the royals up. Then it was, "Up there, you boys, and make the royals fast."

My royal was the mizen-royal, a rag of a sail among the clouds, a great grey rag, which was leaping and slatting a hundred and sixty feet above me. The wind beat me down against the shrouds, it banged me and beat me, and blew the tears from my eyes. It seemed to lift me up the futtocks into the top, and up the topmast rigging to the cross-trees. In the cross-trees I learned what wind was.

It came roaring past with a fervour and a fury which struck me breathless. I could only look aloft to the yard I was bound for and heave my panting body up the rigging. And there was the mizen-royal. There was the sail I had come to furl. And a wonder of a sight it was. It was blowing and bellying in the wind, and leaping around "like a drunken colt," and flying over the yard, and

thrashing and flogging. It was roaring like a bull with its slatting and thrashing. The royal mast was bending to the strain of it. To my eyes it was buckling like a piece of whalebone. I lay out on the yard, and the sail hit me in the face and knocked my cap away. It beat me and banged me, and blew from my hands.

The wind pinned me flat against the yard, and seemed to be blowing all my clothes to shreds. I felt like a king, like an emperor. I shouted aloud with the joy of that 'rastle' with the sail. Forward of me was the main mast, with another lad, fighting another royal; and beyond him was yet another, whose sail seemed tied in knots. Below me was the ship, a leaping mad thing, with little silly figures, all heads and shoulders, pulling silly strings along the deck. There was the sea, sheer under me, and it looked grey and grim, and streaked with the white of our smother.

Then with a lashing swish, the rain-squall caught us. It beat down the sea. It blotted out the view. I could see nothing more but grey, driving rain, grey spouts of rain, grey clouds which burst rain, grey heavens which opened and poured rain. Cold rain. Icy-cold rain. Rain which drove the dye out of my shirt till I left blue tracks where I walked.

For the next two hours I was clewing up, and furling, and snugging her down. By nightfall we were under our three lower topsails and a reefed fore-course. The next day we were hove-to under a weather cloth.

There are varieties of happiness; and, to most of us, that variety called excitement is the most attractive. On a grey day such as this, with the grass rotting in the mud,

the image and memory of that variety are a joy to the heart. They are a joy for this, if for no other reason. They teach us that a little thing, a very little thing, a capful of wind even, is enough to make us exult in, and be proud of, our parts in the pageant of life.

From "A Tarpaulin Muster"

DEEP CALLETH UNTO DEEP

JOSEPH CONRAD

JOSEPH CONRAD (Joseph Konrad Korzeniowski), born of Polish parents in Ukraine in 1857, was twenty years old before he had mastered a word of English. He was educated at Cracow, Austria, and followed the sea for twenty years, becoming a British Master Mariner after his British naturalization in 1884. His first book, "Almayer's Folly", was so pronounced a success it transformed him from seaman to novelist. It was followed by its sequel, "An Outcast of the Islands"; then came "The Nigger of the Narcissus", "Lord Jim" and a list of works which placed the author among the foremost English writers. The following selection is taken from "The Shadow Line." He died August 3, 1924.

I THOUGHT that all my feelings had been dulled into complete indifference. But I found it as trying as ever to be on deck. The impenetrable blackness beset the ship so close that it seemed that by thrusting one's hand over the side one could touch some unearthly substance. There was in it an effect of inconceivable terror and of inexpressible mystery. The few stars overhead shed a dim light upon the ship alone, with no gleams of any kind upon the water, in detached shafts piercing an atmosphere which had turned to soot. It was something I had never seen before, giving no hint of the direction from which any change would come, the closing in of a menace from all sides.

There was still no man at the helm. The immobility

of all things was perfect. If the air had turned black, the sea, for all I knew, might have turned solid. It was no good looking in any direction, watching for any sign, speculating upon the nearness of the moment. When the time came the blackness would overwhelm silently the bit of starlight falling upon the ship, and the end of all things would come without a sigh, stir, or murmur of any kind, and all our hearts would cease like run-down clocks.

It was impossible to shake off that sense of finality. The quietness that came over me was like a foretaste of annihilation. It gave me a sort of comfort, as though my soul had become suddenly reconciled to an eternity of blind stillness.

The seaman's instinct alone survived in my moral dissolution.

. . . . . .

I moved forward outside the circle of light, into the darkness that stood in front of me like a wall. In one stride I penetrated it. Such must have been the darkness before creation. It had closed behind me. I knew I was invisible to the man at the helm. Neither could I see anything. He was alone, I was alone, every man was alone where he stood. And every form was gone too, spar, sail, fittings, rail; everything was blotted out in the dreadful smoothness of that absolute night.

A flash of lightning would have been a relief — I mean physically. I would have prayed for it if it hadn't been for my shrinking apprehension of the thunder. In the tension of silence I was suffering from, it seemed to me that the first crash must turn me into dust.

And thunder was, most likely, what would happen next.

Stiff all over and hardly breathing, I waited with a horribly strained expectation. Nothing happened. It was maddening. But a dull, growing ache in the lower part of my face made me aware that I had been grinding my teeth madly enough, for God knows how long.

It's extraordinary I should not have heard myself doing it; but I hadn't. By an effort which absorbed all my faculties I managed to keep my jaw still. It required much attention, and while thus engaged I became bothered by curious, irregular sounds of faint tapping on the deck. They could be heard single, in pairs, in groups. While I wondered at this mysterious devilry, I received a slight blow under the left eye and felt an enormous tear run down my cheek. Raindrops. Enormous. Forerunners of something. Tap. Tap. Tap. . . .

I turned about, and, addressing Gambril earnestly, entreated him to "hang on to the wheel." But I could hardly speak from emotion. The fatal moment had come. I held my breath. The tapping had stopped as unexpectedly as it had begun, and there was a renewed moment of intolerable suspense; something like an additional turn of the racking screw. I don't suppose I would ever have screamed, but I remember my conviction that there was nothing else for it but to scream.

Suddenly — how am I to convey it? Well, suddenly the darkness turned into water. This is the only suitable figure. A heavy shower, a downpour, comes along, making a noise. You hear its approach on the sea, in the air too, I verily believe. But this was different. With no preliminary whisper or rustle, without a splash, and even without the ghost of impact, I became instantaneously

soaked to the skin. Not a very difficult matter, since I was wearing only my sleeping suit. My hair got full of water in an instant, water streamed on my skin, it filled my nose, my ears, my eyes. In a fraction of a second I swallowed quite a lot of it.

OFF THE HORN[1]

BASIL LUBBOCK

BASIL LUBBOCK, born September 9, 1876, and educated at Eton, went to Canada in 1897 and joined the rush to the Klondike gold fields. He shipped as an ordinary seaman on a four-mast barque, when leaving the region, and sailed around the Horn on his way back to England. His best-known work is "The Log of the Cutty Sark." "Off the Horn" is an abstraction from his volume of personal experiences, "Round the Horn Before the Mast."

Monday, October 16, 1899

Lat. 56° 9′ S., long. 77° 4′ W.
Course — S. 60 E. Run 222 miles.

BLOWING harder than ever, and a mountainous sea running. It is really awe-inspiring, and the captain told me it is the biggest sea he has ever seen, which is saying a good deal, as this is his thirtieth passage round the Horn.

In the forenoon watch, our watch below, the main upper-topsail split from top to bottom, so that sail and the lower-topgallant above it were made fast, and now we are running before the gale under three lower-topsails and foresail.

We are now well to the southward of the Horn, and the weather is as bad as any weather can be; hail squalls blow up at minute intervals, and Cape Horn greybeards, a mile

[1] From "Round the Horn before the Mast", by permission. Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Company.

or two long, with white shaggy crests, chase us like birds of prey.

The weather is so bad that there are no albatrosses about, they are all away to the nor'ard; there are, however, a few Cape pigeons and molly-hawks, upon which the weather seems to have very little effect.

It is very cold, and Don and I are wearing our oilskins over our Klondyke fur coats at night.

The huge seas are beginning to poop her very badly now, especially when the port watch are on deck, as their helmsmen are a very indifferent lot.

Ever and anon in our watch below we hear a terrific crash on the deck above us as a sea falls on to the poop, to pour in a roaring cascade on to the main-deck.

No sailor likes his ship to be constantly pooped liked this, and I can see that many of the men are beginning to get anxious and uneasy, especially the dagos.

Just as Mac, Loring, and I got on to the poop at eight bells, an immense sea pooped her. The mate, who was standing to leeward of the chart-house, trying to get a sight, was carried off his legs, and only the poop-rail saved him from being swept down on to the main-deck. He kept his presence of mind, however, as every sailor does, and clung on to his precious sextant, picking himself up as the water poured off, very little the worse for his mishap, which might have so easily ended seriously.

"If the old man does not heave her to soon, he'll never be able to heave her to," said Mac to me as we stood in the lee of the chart-house, "as on the ship coming up to the wind in a sea like this, it would roll her over and over."

He was evidently getting uneasy at the terrific sea and the constant pooping of the ship, and started yarning about the number of ships which had been lost with all hands from running too long before a storm.

I rather enjoyed the fun myself, it was so stupendous, so magnificent, so terrific.

When on top of one of the great Cape Horners, looking forward was like looking from the top of a mountain; first smaller mountains, then hills, until what looked like the valley, seemed miles away in the distance.

I am very certain that it was a good deal nearer two miles than one mile from crest to crest of these enormous seas, and I don't believe any vessel under 500 tons could have lived in them for five minutes.

The main-deck is often out of sight now for some minutes, even the hatches being covered, and as the ship rolls it becomes a roaring, hissing, boiling cauldron.

In the midship-house they are almost as badly off as we are in the half-deck, and the bosun, who is thoroughly scared, would give worlds, I am sure, to be safe and sound on his Californian farm again.

The old man, with all the care on his shoulders, seems the least anxious man on the ship, and is ably backed up by the two mates, who, with nerves of steel, send no one where they dare not go themselves.

All of a sudden, as I watch I catch sight of the topsails of a ship on our port quarter.

"Sail ho!" I cry.

You could only see her when both were on the top of a sea; she was a three-master, running before it like ourselves, under three lower-topsails and reefed foresail.

The old man said she was probably a wool-clipper from Australia. A sail is a cheering sight at all times; but at a time like this, in such a sea, she was watched with great eagerness, as we scanned her through the old ship's telescope and the captain's glasses.

I think the sight of her relieved the old man of a good deal of anxiety, as he got very cheerful and spun us several amusing yarns; so much so, that I forgot about four bells, and I am afraid struck them nearly ten minutes late, to the great disgust of the tired helmsman.

A landsman has no idea of the various noises on board a wind-jammer in a storm. Every part of the ship groans; up above the gale roars, sings, and whistles through the rigging; one backstay produces a deep note, and one could fancy an organ was being played aloft; others shriek shrilly like telegraph wires; some hum, some ring, others twang like banjo strings; and above all is the crash of the seas falling on the main-deck, and the clang of the hardly-used ports as they are banged first open and then shut by each succeeding wave.

I am afraid the ends of the gear are badly mauled about, as they get washed off the pins and dragged through the ports.

We have to be very careful going in and out of the half-deck, as the break of the poop is filled up every other wave.

Some of these tremendous seas fall aboard the whole length of the weather rail, and even the forecastles are inches deep in water, though not to be compared with the awful state of the half-deck.

Indeed, it is really beginning to be dangerous in the half-deck; any moment an extra big sea may break in the doors, and the watch below would be drowned like rats in a trap.

In the second dog watch, whilst the second mate was below at his tea, there was a slight lull in the gale, and the mate ordered the fore upper-top sail to be reefed and set.

This was, no doubt, a great error of judgment on the mate's part; the glass was exceedingly low, and from the look of the sky, it was evidently going to blow harder than ever.

Perhaps he thought he would try and put more speed on to her, as the seas were pooping her so badly.

The old man was snatching a few moments for a snooze; but from what we have seen, the mate is even a bigger terror than the old man at carrying on — at any rate, in this instance, I thought him reckless to the verge of insanity.

But orders must be obeyed.

Two reef-earings were got ready, and away we went aloft and lay out on the yard.

I went out on the weather yardarm with Jamieson, and we soon had the earing passed.

"Ready?" shouted Mac from the bunt.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Haul out to windward!"

"Eh-hai-ai! Oh-oh! Oh-ho-oh!" we chorused.

"Far enough, sir!"

"Haul out leeward!"

"That'll do!"

"Tie her up, and don't miss any reef points!" We soon had the reef points tied, and Mac sings out,

"Lay down from aloft, and set the sail!"

We took the halliards to the small capstan forward, and mastheaded the yard to the chanty of *Away for Rio!* Jamieson singing the solo. It was pretty bad weather for chantying, but there is nothing like a chanty to put new life into a man, and we roared out the chorus at the top of our pipes.

The dagos in the port watch looked out of our forecastle at us in amazement, just in time to let a sea in, which pretty well swamped them out, and did its best to wash us away from the capstan.

Of all the chanties, I think *Away for Rio!* is one of the finest, and I cannot refrain from giving you the words.

AWAY FOR RIO!

Solo. Oh, the anchor is weigh'd, and the sails they are set,
Chorus. Away, Rio!
Solo. The maids that we're leaving we'll never forget,
Chorus. For we're bound for Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! aye, Rio!
Sing fare-ye-well, my bonny young girl,
We're bound for Rio Grande!

Solo. So man the good capstan, and run it around,
Chorus. Away, Rio!
Solo. We'll heave up the anchor to this jolly sound,
Chorus. For we're bound for Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! etc.

Solo. We've a jolly good ship, and a jolly good crew,
Chorus. Away, Rio!
Solo. A jolly good mate, and a good skipper too,
Chorus. For we're bound for Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! etc.

Solo. We'll sing as we heave to the maidens we leave,
Chorus. Away, Rio!
Solo. You know at this parting how sadly we grieve,
Chorus. For we're bound for Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! etc.

Solo. Sing good-bye to Sally and good-bye to Sue,
Chorus. Away, Rio!
Solo. And you who are listening, good-bye to you,
Chorus. For we're bound for Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! etc.

Solo. Come heave up the anchor, let's get it aweigh,
Chorus. Away, Rio!
Solo. It's got a firm grip, so heave steady, I say,
Chorus. For we're bound for Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! etc.

Solo. Heave with a will, and heave long and strong,
Chorus. Away, Rio!
Solo. Sing a good chorus, for 'tis a good song,
Chorus. For we're bound for Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! etc.

Solo. Heave only one pawl, then 'vast heaving, belay!
Chorus. Away, Rio!
Solo. Heave steady, because we say farewell to-day,
Chorus. For we're bound for Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! etc.

Solo. The chain's up and down, now the bosun did say,
Chorus. Away, Rio!
Solo. Heave up to the hawse-pipe, the anchor's aweigh!
Chorus. For we're bound for Rio Grande,
And away, Rio! aye, Rio!
Sing fare-ye-well, my bonny young girl,
We're bound for Rio Grande!

Of course the words are not exactly appropriate in the present occasion, but the chorus is one of the best I have heard, with its wild, queer wail.

It would have been a grand picture for a painter; the struggling ship surrounded by foam, the great, greeny-grey seas, the wild, stormy sky just tinged with yellow where the sun was setting, the wet, glistening decks, and the ring of toiling men heaving round the capstan.

With the extra cloth, the poor old *Royalshire* labored terribly, and seemed to make worse weather of it than ever.

Mac, Loring, and I managed to get along the main-deck and on to the poop without being washed overboard, and there found the second mate, the mate having gone below on being relieved, staring in consternation at the reefed topsail.

I asked Jamieson to-day whether he called the *Royalshire* a wet ship. He said that no iron ship could expect to be anything but a half-tide rock in such a terrific sea, and that he had been on ships which before now would have had their boats and everything on deck swept away by the weight of water. But the *Royalshire* has everything of the best, and all for strength.

"Great snakes, here comes a sea!" cried Loring all of a sudden.

I gave one look astern, and there, towering high above us, was a huge monster, roaring and hissing as it curled its top; it looked as if it must break full on to the poop, and was a sight to strike terror into the stoutest heart.

Would she rise to it, or was this our last moment on earth?

"Hang on for your lives!" roared the second mate.

Up, up, up, went the *Royalshire,* good old ship, she was going to top it after all; but though she did her best, the heavy weight aft held her down, and she did not quite get there.

When a deafening thud, the top of the monster curled into boiling surf and fell upon us, overwhelming the helmsman, who clung desperately to the wheel, and dipping us to the waist as we hung in the weather jigger-rigging.

In a roaring torrent it poured across the poop and then, like an earthquake wave, fell aboard the whole length of the port rail. Such a height was it, that it toppled over in a terrible breaker upon the top of the midship-house; the gig's sides and bottom fell out, as if hit by a thunderbolt, the lamp-locker door was smashed down, and all the lamps washed out (luckily Don was not inside this time, or he would have certainly been drowned), and it filled the main-deck high above the hatches until the water was on a level with the poop.

The poor old ship gave a sickly roll under the terrible weight of water, and dipped Loring and myself up to

our necks in the next sea as we clung on to the port jigger-backstays.

All the life seemed struck out of her; she swung nearly five points off her course, and old Foghorn, Jennings, and the second mate were working like demons as they hove the wheel up.

"If she gets another on top of this, she'll go down like a stone!" yelled Mac in my ear.

"What price the watch below," I returned. "I thought the half-deck doors would go to a certainty."

"Yes, they held out well; that lamp-locker door's torn clean off its hinges, and is smashed in like a rotten apple. Just look at the lamps washing about; we must get them somehow, and put them down in the cabin as soon as the water clears off a bit."

"Aye, aye!"

"Did you hear the dagos yelling in the port-forecastle? I guess they thought they were half-way to Davy Jones' locker!"

Gradually the gallant ship shook herself clear, and the hatches showed their tops once more above the water.

Down Mac, Loring, and I dashed on to the main-deck until we were up to our waists in water, and started retrieving the lamps.

Meanwhile, a howling hail squall came down upon us, and the second mate rushed for the captain.

As we splashed about removing the lamps from the wrecked locker, Mac said grimly, "If another sea comes along and catches us two in here, we're gorners."

"I should think the betting's two to one on. Let's hope

old Wilson won't let her run off; she's steering vile, though," I reply.

At that moment Loring, who was on the poop ladder passing the lamps up, shrieked at us,

"On the poop for your lives. God Almighty! look sharp, or you're caught!"

We made a wild rush for the ladder, a lamp under each arm; the invading sea leaping madly at us, tried its best to catch us, but in vain, we reached the poop in safety. The poop ladder was now working loose and wanted relashing, or it would go adrift.

At this moment the old man came on deck, and giving one glance round, turned to the second mate and said,

"Call all hands and get the sail off her, I must heave her to."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

I ran down to call the mate and found him dozing.

"It's all hands, sir; the captain's going to heave her to."

"What's that; is the weather worse?" he asked, as he struggled into his oilskins.

"It's blowing harder than ever, sir, and she shipped a very bad sea just now," I answered, and ran on deck again.

"All hands! all hands on deck!" yelled the second mate and Mac, as we splashed forward.

The port watch turned out sharply, looking pretty scared.

"How did you like the big sea in the half-deck?" I asked of Don.

"It poured in like a watershute, and your bunk was under water in double-quick time, my boy."

"Well, that don't matter much; I don't suppose I shall get much chance to sleep in it to-night."

"Henderson, go and get your side lights and binnacles lighted," called the second mate.

"What's become of them, sir; my lamp-locker's washed bare as a bone? "

"They are all down in the cabin."

Away went Don aft, to run the gauntlet of the furious seas until he reached the safety of the poop.

"Fore upper-topsail first! " called the mate. "Tail on to the spilling-lines all hands, and show what you can do! "

"Now then, starboard watch! " cried the second mate, "up with your sail, and give the port watch a dressing down! "

"Lively, boys; haul, and show your spunk! " yelled Mac.

"Yo-ho! Yo-hay! Yo-ho-oh! Up she goes! "

Crash! and a sea broke over us. One gasp and a splutter, and we were under water; swept off our feet, and knocked helter-skelter edgeways, we lay in tangled knots of yellow humanity. Some one tried to cram his foot down my throat, whilst my knee was gouging out his eyes. As the water poured off, it left us bruised, battered, breathless, but undaunted.

Scrambling to our feet, at it we went again, working like fiends and no skulkers.

"Haul, and bust yourselves; haul till you break! " yelled Mac.

"One more pull and she'll do! " cries the mate.

"Oh-ho! Oh-ha! "

"Turn that!"

"All fast, sir!"

"Up aloft, and roll up the sail!"

"Now then, starbowlines, give her hell and show your grit!" shouts the second mate as he dashes aloft at the head of us, as active as a monkey, whilst the port watch, led by Scar and Don, take the port rigging.

As we sprang into the shrouds, she rolled her rail under until we were dipped deep below the surface. But we hung on like grim death, and not a man was washed away.

Up we went over the futtock shrouds and on to the yard. It was pitch black now, and spitting hailstones as big as marbles.

The wind blew up aloft with an edge to it that froze one's extremities into ice. The sail was as stiff as a board, and it seemed a matter of impossibility to pick it up.

We hit it, we scratched at it, we clutched at it with hooked fingers until the blood gushed from our nails.

"Catch hold of her, dig your fingers in!" cries Mac. "You there, Bower, blast you, are you going to sleep on the damned yard, or what the devil do you think you are doing?"

Frenzied men tore at the sail with both hands, hanging on by their eyelids, whilst we out at the yardarm had the hardest task of all.

"Up with her!" roared the second mate at the bunt. "Now then, all together — oh-ho! — and she comes! on to the yard with her — oh-hay! — and roll her up!"

Truly a sailor must have each finger a fishhook, as they say.

Well, we got it on to the yard somehow, and made a fair stow of it.

Meanwhile the port watch were all at sixes and sevens, doing nothing much but hang on and swear in five languages. Don's language up aloft is enough to scare the devil, though he's the best man on a yard in the watch.

"Lay down from aloft!" cries the second mate, and we gain the deck glowing in triumph, for our last man is out of the rigging before they have picked up their sail.

But now comes a great tussle — the foresail had to come in, and it is a new sail.

Some of the men were pretty well coopered by the hard work, cold, wet, and strain of it all. Poor old Higgins could hardly stand on his legs, Bower was not much better, and as for the wretched port watch, their struggles on the upper-topsail yard had quite worn them out. Don and the red-haired third mate were hoarse with swearing, though both were still full of beans; the Arab was a miserable object, whose teeth rattled like castanets, and eyeballs rolled their whites in a frenzy of terror.

"Port buntlines and clew-garnets first!" yells the mate, whilst the second mate takes the ticklish job of easing away the sheet.

In the small space round the fife-rail, we were very cramped up and crowded out, and it was difficult to get the whole weight into the pull, so some of us got on to the fife-rail and hauled from above until the blocks came down too low.

Difficulties of all sorts cropped up: the blocks jammed,

the buntlines twisted up and had to be unrove, and ever and anon the wash of a sea swept over us.

Men lost their balance and cannoned against each other, men slipped, and half a watch fell on their backs cursing, but the mate gave them no time to think.

"Up you get there, no skulking, or you won't know what hit you!" snarls Scar at the prostrate group. "You damned dagos, what good are ye? — hell, you ain't worth thumping."

"Dat no right, mistar, we do our dam level best, dat's true!" whimpers one.

"Oh, curse you for the worst watch I ever sailed with!" roars Scar in a frenzy of rage. "Here, you there, you blasted bandylegged Turk, haul, can't you! Don't look at me like that, damn ye!"

Inch by inch, with incredible labour, we hauled the sail up. The strongest of us got our fighting second wind, and the icy blast of the south wind only put new breath into our nostrils.

"Take some of your best hands to the braces and spill the sail, Mr. Knowles!" called the mate.

Mac, Don, Jamieson, Rooning, Loring, and myself followed the second mate.

"Jamieson and you, Bally, come with me to the weather braces; you, Mac, take the other three and get in the slack as we give it you."

This was as dangerous a bit of work as anyone could want; the sea swept in a continuous cascade over the rail where we were working, and more than half the time we were under water, hanging on for our lives.

One blunder and the yards might take charge. Inch by

inch we let out, and those to leeward took in, watching our chance as the vessel rolled.

The second mate was like a bull for strength, and Jamieson a very tiger for energy.

"Take it off! Carefully does it — that's it — keep a turn in, and ease away gently." Then, as a huge black mountain of water appears above us:

"Hitch it, and hang on all. God Almighty! quick, for your lives!"

At last we have the fore-yards braced up fairly well.

"That'll do!" yells the mate above the shrieking of the storm, and we dash forward again.

The foresail was now fairly well hauled up. "Are you going to reef it, sir?" asked Scar. "No, furl it," answered the mate. "Away you go aloft, and take a yard-arm at a time."

There were a goodish crowd of us when both watches were out on one yardarm, and we did not have as much trouble as we expected with the sail.

The lower yards are so big that it requires two men to pass a gasket; one sits down on the foot-ropes and catches the gasket, whilst the other man, hanging above the yard, swings it to him.

On the fore-yard the white tops of the huge seas seemed on a level with us as they rolled by in great mountains of ink, leaving a trail behind like the wash of a Kootenay stern-wheeler.

The sight was truly grand, illumined as it was by a small wisp of a moon which peeped out every now and then from behind the scudding clouds.

With the foresail furled, we had now the three lower-

topsails alone set; but even this was too much, and the main lower-topsail had to come in before the old man dared bring her up to the wind.

The most dangerous work of the lot came now, as we had to haul up the main lower-topsail right amidships; here the water was up to our waists between the seas, and every moment the whole ship's company was under water.

It was a wonder nobody was lost, and a still greater wonder that no limbs were broken.

The second mate, Scar, Jamieson, and myself, hauling up the port clew-line, had a rare time of it.

Whenever we did get our heads above the water we managed to get a few short, strong pulls in; but mostly we had to work like divers.

If we saw a sea coming in time, we took a turn, and all four dashed for safety, one into the rigging, another on to the skids, a third up the iron ladder on to the midship-house, and the fourth on to the main fife-rail.

At last we had the sail hauled up, and away we went aloft to furl it.

Directly we had got the sail on to the yard and were making it fast, the helm was put down.

It was an exciting moment as her head came slowly up to the wind.

A huge sea rose up before us until the spume off its boiling crest was blown into our faces, high up as we were, then down it swooped aboard, sweeping her fore and aft.

Over and over went the poor old *Royalshire*, until the lower yardarms were dipping into the whirl of broken water to leeward.

The main lower-topsail yard was almost straight up and down, and we hung on like so many frightened flies.

"She'll turn turtle!" yelled some one.

One of the dagos gave a wild shriek, which rang like the cry of a wild bird above the roar of the tempest, and in absolute terror would have fallen off the yard if the man next him had not hauled him back by the scuff of his neck.

"Hell, are you all going to sleep up here!" came the thundering voice of the second mate at the bunt.

"Tie up the sail and get a move on, or there'll be trouble." Nothing was able to dismay his indomitable spirit.

Mechanically we turned again to our work. Seconds passed like hours as we felt the ship heeling over, ever over.

Was she going? She was almost on her beam ends now! We could not see the decks; between them and us was a curtain of boiling, hissing spray and broken water, into which the masts were stuck half-way up to the lower yards.

After some terrible moments of suspense, we all felt that she had stopped going over, and lay steady almost on her beam ends.

Long before this point had been reached, ten or twenty years ago, the men would have been gathered in groups round the masts and standing rigging, with axes ready, waiting the order from the captain to "Cut away!"

But in a modern wind-jammer, with masts of iron and shrouds of the strongest twisted wire, this is impossible,

and you can no longer save your ship by cutting away the masts.

Presently a lull came, and we could once more see the deck beneath us.

The *Royalshire* was lying over with her lee rail dipped, so that the fair-heads were level with the water, the hatches were half submerged, and the lee side of the poop was under water.

As we came down from aloft, the sprays were thick, as high as the main-yard, and it was like going into a boiling cauldron with the steam rising from it, with the difference that its embrace was icy cold.

Nothing more could be done now; the ship lay hove-to, though she was a good many points off. Our watch was sent below for a short hour and a half before coming on deck for the middle watch, and the port watch went on to the poop.

SINGING SAILORMEN

"A Grand-Fleet Chaplain"

Montague T. Hainsselin ("A Grand-Fleet Chaplain") is a native of the historic old English town of Plymouth, and, as befitting one who hailed from that ancient seaport with its memories of Drake and the "Mayflower", he chose the sea for his career, joining the Royal Navy as a Chaplain in 1903. For the first three years of the war he served in H. M. S. Ajax, and it was while in this ship that he wrote, under the pseudonym of "A Grand Fleet Chaplain" a series of naval sketch-books beginning with "In Northern Mists", from which this selection is taken.

SAILORMEN are always singing — Westoes especially; one passed my cabin door just now, carolling in a way that would make a martinet of the old school say that the Navy was going to the dogs. But you can't stop them — even if you wanted to, which no sensible person does; a sailorman must sing, whether he does it entirely on his own, undisturbed by the clatter and talk around him, or in conjunction with half a dozen others sitting at their mess-table, to the accompaniment of a mouth-organ or a mandoline, or else in the grand style at a shippy concert 'tween decks, with the captain and officers in the front seats of the audience; the music that is in his soul has to come out somehow!

Sea-songs are of two classes: those which are written by landsmen for sailors' use, and those which spring Aphrodite-like from the sea itself. Of the former kind there is nothing to be said except that sailors don't sing them

— won't look at them, in fact. The smart epigrammatist who announced that, Let him make a nation's songs, and anybody that liked might write its history, might have written sea-songs till he was blue in the face — but he would have to sing them himself! Dibdin's collection, for example, is very interesting; but you never hear them sung on board ship.

The *real* sea-songs are those which grew naturally out of oft-repeated phrases used every day at work, mostly in the old sailing-ship times; the common expressions of orders, words of encouragement or complaint, uttered at first in an ordinary speaking-voice, taking on a musical form until every part of the day's work had its own appropriate 'chanty'; the leading hand became the *choragus*, and the other men took up the burden in response. Most of these old chanties are unknown, however, to the seamen of the modern Navy, though I dare say they are still to be heard in 'wind-jammers.'

Then there are others of a slightly more ambitious order, such as *Farewell and Adieu* and *Cawsand Bay*. You never hear these on the lower deck, but they are still great favourites in the gunroom. Not many evenings ago I listened to a lusty young giant singing without the least suspicion of tune an endless ballad about the love-affairs of a downtrodden pressed man and his ultimate release by his lady-love, the culminating passage of which appeared to be:

And out from her boo-zum she drew his discharge!

We all repeated this line at the top of our voices and with great fervour.

There is not much scope for the spontaneous growth of genuine sea-chanties to meet modern occasions; not only has machinery replaced manual labour in most of the operations that used to call for vocal encouragement, but in such jobs as are still man-handled it is recognized that noise and efficiency do not usually go hand-in-hand; singing is a recreation nowadays, not an aid to work.

Such ditties as are sung mark a very pronounced decline from the simple ballads and chanties of former times. In an annual review of musical production I read lately, "As to the countless ballads and drawing-room ditties which have been published, all one can say in their favour is that they are generally within the vocal means of those who care to sing such things" — about as nasty a criticism as could be made, I imagine, but sadly appropriate to the majority of the songs to which the sailor has in these days descended. He delights in the so-called comic songs of the halls, and still more in sloshy, sentimental vapidities; you should hear him, for instance, in *The Pore Blind Boy*, with its refrain of "We luv 'im, we luv 'im, we luv 'im, bee-coz 'e is blind!"

Not for the sailor is that elusive search for The Method which seems to be at once the joy and the despair of so many musical amateurs. He wastes no time in trying to acquire the sensation of a curtain of water falling at the back of his nose, nor in endeavouring to feel as if the top of his head were resting upon his chin. Such a quest — akin to that of the good folk who pass delightfully anguished years in trying to git religion — is unknown to him, with all its bitter-sweets; as is also the triumph of having Got It; he is a very heathen, a Gallio, with respect

to The Method. Only in one particular does he put in any specialized work, and that is in Nasal Resonance; and how extremely nasal his resonance is must be heard to be believed!

AFTER FORTY YEAR[1]

DAVID BONE

DAVID BONE, born in Glasgow, 1874, is a writer chiefly of seafaring life. He was educated in Glasgow and entered the Merchant Service in 1890. He served seven years under sail, then joined the Anchor Line in 1899, where he was promoted to a command in 1915. His works are "The Brassbounder", from which "After Forty Year" is taken, "Broken Stowage" and "The Lookoutman."

MARTIN? " . . . " Huh! " " Lewis? " . . . " Iss! " " Granger? " . . . " 'Ere! " " Ulrichs? " . . . " Ya! " " Dago Joe? " . . . " Ser! " " 'Ansen? " . . . " Yep! " " Bunn? " . . . " Yes! " " Munro? " . . . " Here! " " Eccles? — ECCLES! — Ecc — Damn your eyes, lay 'long 'ere! You goin' t' keep awl 'ans waitin'? " Eccles joined us, fumbling with the buttons of his jacket. (Eccles, for the time limit!) " Awl 'ere," continued the bo'sun; then reported to the Mate, " Watch is aft, Sir! "

A surly growl that might have been, " Relieve the wheel and look out," came from the poop, and we were dismissed muster; the starboard watch to their rest; we of the port to take our turn on deck.

It was a cold, raw morning that fell to our lot. A light wind, blowing from north of west in fitful puffs, scarcely slanted the downpour of thin, insistent rain; rain that by the keenness of it ought to have been snow or sleet. The

[1] From " The Brassbounder ", by permission. Copyright by E. P. Dutton and Company.

sea around was shrouded in mist, and breaking day, coming in with a cold, treacherous half-light, added to the illusion that made the horizon seem scarcely a length away. The barque was labouring unsteadily, with a long westerly swell — the ghost of the Cape Horn 'greybeards' — running under her in oily ridges.

It needed but a bite of freshening wind to rouse the sea; at the lash of a sudden gale the 'greybeards' would be at us again — whelming and sweeping. Even in quiet mood they were loath to let us go north, and we jarred and rattled, rolled, lurched, and wallowed, as they hove at us. Heave as they did, we were still able to make way on our course, standing with yards in to the quartering wind and all plain sail on her.

Thick weather! The horizon closed to us at a length or so ahead. But she was moving slowly, four knots at the most, and we were well out of the track of ships! Oh, it was all right — all right; and aft there the Mate leaned over the poop rail with his arms squared and his head nodding — now and then!

As the light grew, it seemed to bring intenser cold. Jackets were not enough; we donned coats and oil-skins and stamped and stamped on the foredeck, yawning and muttering and wishing it was five o'clock and the 'doctor' ready with the blessèd coffee: the coffee that would make men of us; vile 'hogwash' that a convict would turn his face at, but what seemed nectar to us at daybreak, down there in fifty-five!

By one bell the mist had grown denser, and the Mate sung out sudden and angrily for the foghorn to be sounded.

"Three blasts, d'ye 'ear," said the bo'sun, passing the horn up to Dago, the look-out. "Uno! . . . Doo! . . . Tray!" (Three fingers held up.) . . . "Tray, ye burnt scorpion! . . . An' see that ye sounds 'em proper, or I'll come up there an' hide the soul-case out o' ye! . . . (Cowpunchin' hoodlum! Good job I knows *'is* bloomin' lingo!)"

Now we had a tune to our early rising, a doleful tune, a tune set to the deepening mist, the heaving sea, at dismal break of day. *R-r-ah! . . . R-r-ah! . . . Ra!* was the way it ran; a mournful bar, with windy gasps here and there, for Dago Joe was more accustomed to a cow-horn.

"A horn," said Welsh John suddenly. "Did 'oo hear it?"

No one had heard. We were gathered round the galley door, all talking, all telling the 'doctor' the best way to light a fire quickly.

"Iss! A horn, I tell 'oo! . . . Listen! . . . Just after ours is sounded!"

R-r-ah! . . . R-r-ah! . . . R-ah! Joe was improving.

We listened intently. . . . "There now," said John!

Yes! Sure enough! Faint rasps answering ours. Ulrichs said three; two, I thought!

"Don't ye 'ear that 'orn, ye dago fiddler," shouted the bo'sun. . . . "'Ere! Hup there, one of ye, an' blow a proper blast! That damn hoodlum! Ye couldn't 'ear 'is trumpetin' at th' back of an area railin's!"

John went on the head; the bo'sun aft to report.

A proper blast! The Welshman had the trick of the wheezing 'gadjet'. . . . Ah! There again! . . . Three

blasts, right enough! . . . She would be a square rigger, running, like ourselves! . . . Perhaps we were making on her! . . . The sound seemed louder. . . . It came from ahead!

R-R-R-R-R-AH! . . . R-R-R-R-R-AH! . . . R-R-R-R-R-AH!

. . . *R-r-r-r-eh!* . . . *R-r-r-r-eh!* . . . *R-r-r-r-eh!*

The Mate was now on the alert, peering and listening. At the plain answer to our horn, he rapped out orders. "Lower away main an' fore-to'gal'ns'ls . . . let 'em hang, an' lay aft and haul th' mains'l up! Come aft here, one of you boys, and call th' Captain! Tell him it's come down thick! Sharp, now!"

I went below and roused the Old Man.

"Aye . . . all right," he said, feeling for his seaboots. (South'ard of the 'forties' Old Jock slept 'all standing,' as we say.) "Thick, eh? . . . Tell th' Mate t' keep th' horn goin'! . . . A ship, ye say? . . . Running, eh? . . . Aye! All right. . . . I'll be up. . . ."

I had scarcely reached the poop again before the Old Man was at my back.

"Thick, b' Goad," he said, rubbing his eyes. "Man, man! Why was I not called before?"

The Mate muttered something about the mist having just closed in. . . . "Clear enough t' be goin' on before that," he said.

"Aye, aye! Where d'ye mak' this ship? Ye would see her before the mist cam' doon, eh?"

"Sound that horn, forrard there," shouted the Mate, moving off to the gangway! "Keep that horn going, there!"

John pumped a stirring blast. . . . R-R-R-R-R-AH! R-R-R-R-R-AH! . . . R-R-R-R-R-AH!

We bent forward with ears strained to catch the distant note.

. . . *R-r-r-r-eh!* . . . At the first answering blast Old Jock raised his head, glancing fearfully round.

. . . *R-r-r-r-eh!* . . . *R-r-r-r* — "Down hellum! Down HELLUM! DOWN," he yelled, running aft to the wheel! "Haul yards forrard! Le'go port braces! Let 'm rip! Le'go an' haul! . . . Quick, Mist'r! Christ! What ye standin' at? . . . Ice! Ice, ye bluidy eedi't! Ice! Th' echo! Let go! LE'GO AN' HAUL! LE'GO!"

Ice! The Mate stood stupid for an instant — then jumped to the waist — to the brace pins — roaring hoarse orders. "All hands on deck! Haul away, there! All hands! On deck, men — for your lives!"

Ice! At the dread cry we ran to the ropes and tailed on with desperate energy! Ice! The watch below, part dressed, swarmed from house and fo'cas'le and hauled with us — a light of terror in their eyes — the terror that comes with stark reason — when the brain reels from restful stupor at a trumpet of alarms!

Ice! The decks, that so late had been quiet as the air about us, resounded to the din of sudden action! Yards swinging forward with a crash — blocks *whirring* — ropes hurtling from the pins — sails lifting and thrashing to the masts — shouts and cries from the swaying haulers at the ropes — hurried orders — and, loud over all, the raucous bellow of the foghorn when Dago Joe, dismayed at the confusion, pumped furiously, *Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra! Ra!*

. . . *Reh! Reh! Reh! Reh! Reh!* . . . Note for note — the echo — out of the mist!

"Belay, all! Well, mainyards!" The order steadied us. We had time now to look! . . . There was nothing in sight! . . . No towering monster looming in our path — no breakers — no sea — no sky; nothing! Nothing but the misty wall that veiled our danger! The Unknown! The Unseen!

She was swinging slowly against the scend of the running swell — laying up to the wind. Martin had the wheel and was holding the helm down, his keen eyes watching for the lift that would mark the limit of steering-way. The old man stood by the compass, bending, peering, sniffing — nosing at the keen air — his quick eyes searching the mist — ahead — abeam — astern. . . . Martin eased the helm, she lay quietly with sails edged to the wind, the long swell heaving at her — broadside on.

Suddenly a light grew out of the mist and spread out on both bows — a luminous sheen, low down on the narrowed sea-line! The 'ice-blink'! Cold! White!

At the first glow the Old Man started — his lips framed to roar an order! . . . No order came.

Quickly he saw the hopelessness of it; what was to happen was plain, inevitable! Broad along the beam, stretching out to leeward, the great dazzling 'ice-blink' warned him of a solid barrier, miles long, perhaps! The barque lay to the wind, at mercy of the swell, drifting dead to leeward at every heave! . . . On the other tack, perhaps? There was a misty gap to the south of us; no 'ice-blink' there! . . . If she could be put about? . . . No, there was no chance! . . . To gather speed to

put her about he would have to bear off towards the brightening sheen! Already the roar of the swell, lashing at the base, was loud in our ears! . . . There was no room! No sea-room to wear or stay!

"Embayed!" he said bitterly, turning his palms up! . . . "All hands aft and swing th' port boat out!"

The port boat? The big boat? Had it come, so soon, to that? More than one of us cast an anxious look at the broad figure of our Master as we ran aft. He stood quite still, glaring out at the ice ring.

"This is it, eh!" he muttered, unheeding the stir and cries of us. "This is it — after forty year!"

Madly we tore and knifed at the lashings, working to clear the big boat. She was turned down on the skids (the fashion of thrifty 'limejuicers'), bound and bolted to stand the heavy weather. We were handless, unnerved by the suddenness of it all, faulty at the task. The roar of breaking water spurred us on. . . . A heave together! . . . Righted, we hooked the falls and swayed her up. The Mate looked aft for the word. "Aye," said the Old Man, "oot wi' her, an' try tae tow th' heid roun'! On th' ither tack we micht ——" He left the words unfinished! Well he knew we could never drag three thousand tons against that swell.

A wild outcry turned our eyes forward. Dago Joe (forgotten on the look-out) is running aft, his precious horn still slung from his shoulders. "*Arretto! Arretto! Arretto!*" He yells as he runs. "*Arretto, Capitan!*" waving his arms and signing to the Old Man to stop the ship! Behind him, over the bows, we see the clear outline of a small berg — an outflung 'calf' of the main ice! There

is no time! Nothing can be done! Small as the berg is — not the height of our lower yards — it has weight enough to sink us, when aided by the heaving swell!

"Quick with th' boat, there," yells the Old Man! He runs over to the companion-way and dives below, jostling the Second Mate, who is staggering up under a weight of biscuit bags.

In a moment we have closed with the ice and are hammering and grinding at the sheer glistening wall. At the first impact the boom goes with a crash! Then fore-to'gallant mast — yards — sails — rigging all hurtling to the head, driving the decks in! A shelf of solid ice, tons weight of it, crashes aboard and shatters the fore-hatch! Now there is a grind and scream of buckling iron, as the beams give to the strain — ring of stays and guy-ropes, parting at high tension — crash of splintering wood! The heaving monster draws off, reels, and comes at us again! Another blow and ——

"'Vast lowering! Hold on! Hold on the boat there!" The Old Man, come on deck with his treasured papers, has seen more than the wreck of the head! He runs to the compass — a look — then casts his eyes aloft. "Square mainyards!" His voice has the old confident ring: the ring we know. "Square mainyards! . . . A hand t' th' wheel!"

Doubting, we hang around the boat. She swings clear, all ready? The jar of a further blow sets us staggering for foothold! What chance? . . . "A hand t' th' wheel, here," roars the Old Man. Martin looks up . . . he goes back to his post.

A man at the wheel again! No longer the fearful sight

of the main post deserted; no longer the jar and rattle of a handless helm! Martin's action steadies us. What dread, when the oldest of us all stands there grasping the spokes, waiting the order? . . . We leave the swinging boat and hurry to the braces!

A 'chance' has come! The power of gales long since blown out is working a way for us; the ghostly descendants of towering Cape Horn 'greybeards' have come to our aid!

As we struck, sidling on the bows, the swell has swept our stern round the berg. Now we are head to wind and the big foresail is flat against the mast, straining sternward!

It is broad day, and we see the 'calf' plainly as we drift under stern-way apart. The gap widens! A foot — a yard — an oar's length! Now the wind stirs the canvas on the main — a clew lifts — the tops'ls rustle and blow out, drawing finely! Her head still swings!

"Foreyards! Le'go an' haul!" roars the Old Man. We are stern on to the main ice. Already the swell — recurving from the sheer base — is hissing and breaking about us. There is little room for stern-board. "Le'go an' haul!" We roar a heartening chorus as we drag the standing headyards in.

Slowly she brings up . . . gathers way . . . moves ahead! The 'calf' is dead to windward, the loom of the main ice astern and a-lee. The wind has strengthened: in parts the mist has cleared. Out to the south'ard a lift shows clear water. We are broad to the swell now, but sailing free as Martin keeps her off! From under the bows the broken boom (still tethered to us by stout guy-

ropes) thunders and jars as we move through the water.

"Cut and clear away!" roars Old Jock. "Let her go!"

Aye, let her go! . . . We are off . . . crippled an' all . . . out for open sea again!

AN ICEBERG

Richard Henry Dana

Richard Henry Dana was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 1, 1815. He entered Harvard University in 1831, but three years later suspended his college work to travel for his health. He shipped before the mast, sailed to California, and returned in two years to complete his education and publish the notes of his sea trip under the title "Two Years Before the Mast", from which the following is taken. Before his death in Rome, Italy, on January 9, 1882, this book had been translated into several languages and had become a classic.

THERE lay, floating on the ocean, several miles off, an immense, irregular mass, its top and points covered with snow, and its centre of a deep indigo colour. This was an iceberg, and of the largest size, as one of our men said who had been in the Northern Ocean. As far as the eye could reach, the sea in every direction was of a deep blue colour, the waves running high and fresh, and sparkling in the light, and in the midst lay this immense mountain-island, its cavities and valleys thrown into deep shade, and its points and pinnacles glittering in the sun. All hands were soon on deck, looking at it, and admiring in various ways its beauty and grandeur. But no description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendour, and really, the sublimity of the sight. Its great size — for it must have been two to three miles in circumference and several hundred feet in height; — its slow motion, as its

base rose and sank in the water, and its high points nodded against the clouds; the dashing of the waves upon it, which, breaking high with foam, lined its base with a white crust; and the thundering sound of the cracking of the mass, and the breaking and tumbling down of huge pieces; together with its nearness and approach, which added a slight element of fear, — all combined to give to it the character of true sublimity. The main body of the mass was, as I have said, of an indigo colour, its base crusted with frozen foam; and as it grew thin and transparent towards the edges and top, its colour shaded off from a deep blue to the whiteness of snow. It seemed to be drifting slowly towards the north, so that we kept away and avoided it. It was in sight all the afternoon; and when we got to the leeward of it, the wind died away, so that we lay-to quite near it for the greater part of the night. Unfortunately, there was no moon, but it was a clear night, and we could plainly mark the long, regular heaving of the stupendous mass, as its edges moved slowly against the stars. Several times on our watch loud cracks were heard, which sounded as though they must have run through the whole length of the iceberg, and several pieces fell down with a thundering crash, plunging heavily into the sea. Towards morning, a strong breeze sprang up, and we filled away, and left it astern, and at daylight it was out of sight.

FROM "THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in Devonshire, England, October 21, 1772. In 1791 he was entered at Jesus College, Cambridge, but soon grew discontented with its limitations and went to London, where he sold his first poem for a guinea. He tried the army and the ministry, but liked neither. Of his finished poems two of his most famous are "The Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan." He died in 1834.

AND now the Storm-blast came, and he
Was tryannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast.
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

. . . . . .

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the Spirit that plagued us so,
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS, humorist and humanitarian, was born in the Mile End Terrace, Commercial Road, Landpart, England, February 7, 1812. Owing to the finances of his parents he had little education. One of his first positions was in the office of a solicitor where he labored diligently, working all day at law and a large part of the night at shorthand. The latter won him his way into the police courts where much of his observation of life was made. "Mark Tapley at Sea" is taken from "Martin Chuzzlewit." The second selection, "The Storm at Yarmouth", is from "David Copperfield."

ONWARD she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water, cries more loudly yet, "A ship!"

Still she comes striving on: and at her boldness and the spreading cry, the angry waves rise up above each other's hoary heads to look; and round about the vessel, far as the mariners on her decks can pierce into the gloom, they press upon her, forcing each other down, and starting up, and rushing forward from afar, in dreadful curiosity. High over her they break; and round her surge and roar; and giving place to others, moaningly depart, and dashing themselves to fragments in their baffled anger; still she comes onward bravely. And though the

eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep; as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

Among these sleeping voyagers were Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley, who, rocked into heavy drowsiness by the unaccustomed motion, were as insensible to the foul air in which they lay, as to the uproar without. It was broad day, when the latter awoke with a dim idea that he was dreaming of having gone to sleep in a four-post bedstead which had turned bottom upwards in the course of the night. There was more reason in this too, than in the roasting of eggs; for the first objects Mr. Tapley recognised when he opened his eyes were his own heels — looking down at him, as he afterwards observed, from a nearly perpendicular elevation.

"Well!" said Mark, getting himself into a sitting posture, after various ineffectual struggles with the rolling of the ship. "This is the first time as I ever stood on my head all night."

"You shouldn't go to sleep upon the ground with your head to leeward, then," growled a man in one of the berths.

"With my head to *where*?" asked Mark. The man repeated his previous sentiment.

"No, I won't another time," said Mark, "when I know whereabouts on the map that country is. In the

meanwhile I can give you a better piece of advice. Don't you nor any other friend of mine never go to sleep with his head in a ship, any more."

The man gave a grunt of discontented acquiesence, turned over in his berth, and drew his blanket over his head.

"—For," said Mr. Tapley, pursuing the theme by way of soliloquy, in a low tone of voice; "the sea is as nonsensical a thing as any going. It never knows what to do with itself. It hasn't got no employment for its mind, and is always in a state of vacancy. Like them Polar bears in the wild-beast shows as is constantly a-nodding their heads from side to side, it never *can* be quiet. Which is entirely owing to its uncommon stupidity."

"Is that you, Mark?" asked a faint voice from another berth.

"It's as much of me as is left, sir, after a fortnight of this work," Mr. Tapley replied. "What with leading the life of a fly, ever since I've been aboard — for I've been perpetually holding-on to something or other, in a upside-down position — what with that, sir, and putting a very little into myself, and taking a good deal out of myself, there an't too much of me to swear by. How do *you* find yourself this morning, sir?"

"Very miserable," said Martin, with a peevish groan. "*Ugh!* This is wretched, indeed!"

"Creditable," muttered Mark, pressing one hand upon his aching head and looking round him with a rueful grin. "That's the great comfort. It is creditable to keep up one's spirits here. Virtue's its own reward. So's jollity."

THE STORM AT YARMOUTH

CHARLES DICKENS

AS we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their courses in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; ship-owners, excited and uneasy; children huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and build-

ings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

. . . . . .

I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen labouring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore. Mercy on them, and on all poor sailors, said he, if we had another night like the last!

. . . . . .

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast to anything. Something within me, faintly answering to the storm without, tossed up the depths of my memory, and made a tumult in them. Yet, in all the hurry of my thoughts, wild running with the thundering sea, — the storm and my uneasiness regarding Ham were always in the foreground.

My dinner went away almost untasted; and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain. I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, without losing my consciousness, either of the uproar out of doors, or of the place in which I was. Both became overshadowed by a new and indefinable horror; and when I awoke — or rather when I shook off the lethargy that bound me in my chair — my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear.

. . . . . .

It was reassuring, on such a night, to be told that some of the inn-servants had agreed together to sit up until morning. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but, on my lying down, all such sensations vanished, as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up, several times, and looked out; but could see nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and on my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length, my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes, and went downstairs. In the large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together, in various attitudes, about a table, purposely moved away from the great chimney, and brought near the door. A pretty girl, who had her ears stopped with her apron, and her eyes upon the door, screamed when I appeared, supposing me to be a spirit; but the others had more presence of mind, and were glad of an addition to their company. One man, referring to the topic they had been discussing, asked me whether I thought the souls of the collier-crews who had gone down, were out in the storm?

I remained there, I dare say, two hours. Once, I opened the yard-gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the seaweed, and the flakes of foam were driv-

ing by; and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell — off a tower and down a precipice — into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length, I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant, that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day — eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprung out of bed and asked, what wreck?

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase, and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, out-

stripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented, bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat — which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable — beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, con-

spicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and the beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way — I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand — that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him — as well as I know — to renew my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look, out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tain't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm agoing off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I

confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers: a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist: another round his body: and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on — not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I

stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free — or so I judged from the motion of his arm — and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it, when a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet — insensible — dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weatherbeaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was

in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But, he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children — on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind — among the ruins of the home he had wronged — I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

From "David Copperfield"

SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

CHARLES DIBDIN

CHARLES DIBDIN, British musician, dramatist, novelist, actor and song writer, was born at Southampton, March 4, 1745. He turned early to music and established his reputation by the music to the play, "The Padlock." In addition to composing over fourteen hundred songs, he is the author of many poems that won for him the characterization of the "king of sea poets." He died in London on July 25, 1814, from paralysis.

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill:
Hark! Don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em! How I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Fool-hardy chaps who live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in;
Poor creatures! How they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm
To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them who're out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night are coming home,
To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! What tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!

"And very often have we heard
How men are kill'd and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!"

THE SHIP OF FOOLS (1577)

St. John Lucas

St. John (Welles) Lucas was born in Rugby, January 22, 1879. Educated at University College, London, he became a scholar in French and Italian. He is the author of several compilations of French and Italian verse, and has written both short stories and poems of his own. His works include "The First Round", "April Folly" and a volume of "New Poems", from which the following is an excerpt.

WE are those fools who could not rest
In the dull earth we left behind,
But burned with passion for the West
And drank a frenzy from its wind;
The world where small men live at ease
Fades from our unregretful eyes,
And blind across uncharted seas
We stagger on our enterprise.

Starboard and port, the lean waves leap
Like white-fanged wolves about our prow,
Where Mary with her Christ asleep
Is carved to hear the wanderer's vow.
The thirsty decks have drunk our blood,
Our hands are tettered from the oar;
Wan ghosts upon a spectral flood
We drive towards a phantom shore.

And we have sailed in haunted seas
Dreadful with voices, where the mast
Gleamed blue with deathlights, and the breeze
Bore madness, and have gazed aghast

To see beyond our splintered spars,
That rattled in the shrill typhoon,
A heaven all strange with tawny stars
And monstrous with an alien moon.

Lean, naked, bruised, like famished slaves,
We shiver at the sweeps; each one
A jest for all the scornful waves,
And food for laughter to the sun.
But never voice, nor deathlight flare,
Nor moon shall stay us with their spell,
Whose eyes are calm as God, and stare
Confusion in the face of Hell.

The worn ship reels, but still unfurled
Our tattered ensign flouts the skies;
And doomed to watch a prudent world
Of little men grown mean and wise,
The old sea laughs for joy to find
One purple folly left to her,
When glimmers down the riotous wind
The flag of the adventurer!

O watchman leaning from the mast,
What of the night? The shadows flee;
The stars grow pale, the storm is past;
The blood-red sunrise stains the sea.
At length, at length, O steadfast wills,
Luck takes the tiller and foul tides turn;
Superb amid majestic hills
The domes of Eldorado burn.

THE CHASE

Herman Melville

Herman Melville, master of the sea tale, was born in New York City, August 1, 1819. He shipped as a cabin boy at eighteen, was once captured by cannibals, held a post in the New York customhouse and was one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's most intimate friends. He is credited with being the literary discoverer of the South Seas. "The Chase" is taken from "Moby Dick", his masterpiece, an exciting tale about Mocha Dick, an actual whale of history. He died in New York, September 28, 1891.

RECEIVING the topmaul from Starbuck, Captain Ahab advanced towards the mainmast with the hammer uplifted in one hand, exhibiting the gold with the other, and with a high raised voice exclaiming: "Whosoever of ye raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw; whosoever of ye raises me that white-headed whale, with three holes punctured in his starboard fluke — look ye, whosoever of ye raises me that same white whale, he shall have this gold ounce, my boys!"

"Huzza! huzza!" cried the seamen as with swinging tarpaulins they hailed the act of nailing the gold to the mast.

"It's a white whale, I say," resumed Ahab, as he threw down the topmaul; "a white whale. Skin your eyes for him, men; look sharp for white water; if ye see but a bubble, sing out."

All this while Tashtego, Daggoo, and Queequeg had looked on with even more intense interest and surprise than the rest, and at the mention of the crooked jaw and wrinkled brow, they had started as if each was separately touched by some specific recollection.

"Captain Ahab," said Tashtego, "that white whale must be the same that some call Moby Dick."

"Moby Dick?" shouted Ahab. "Do ye know the white whale then, Tash?"

"Does he fan-tail a little curious, sir, before he goes down?" said the Gay-Header deliberately.

"And has he a curious spout, too," said Daggoo, "very bushy, even for a parmacetty, and mighty quick, Captain Ahab?"

"And he have one, two, tree — oh! good many iron in him hide, too, Captain," cried Queequeg disjointedly, "all twisktee be-twisk, like him — him —" faltering hard for a word, and screwing his hand round and round as though uncorking a bottle — "like him — him ——"

"Corkscrew!" cried Ahab; "ay, Queequeg, the harpoons lie all twisted and wrenched in him; ay, Daggoo, his spout is a big one, like a whole shock of wheat, and white as a pile of our Nantucket wool after the great annual sheep-shearing; aye, Tashtego, and he fan-tails like a split jib in a squall. Death and devils! men, it is Moby Dick ye have seen — Moby Dick — Moby Dick!"

"Captain Ahab," said Starbuck, the chief mate, who with Stubb and Flask, two of the mates, had thus been eyeing his superior with increasing surprise, but at last seemed struck with a thought which somewhat explained all the wonder. "Captain Ahab, I have heard of Moby

Dick — but it was not Moby Dick that took off thy leg? "

"Who told thee that?" cried Ahab; then pausing, "Ay, Starbuck; ay, my hearties all round; it was Moby Dick that dismasted me; Moby Dick that brought me to this dead stump I stand now on. Aye, aye," he shouted with a terrific, loud, animal sob, like that of a heart-stricken moose; "Aye, aye! it was that accursed white whale that razed me; made a poor pegging lubber of me for ever and a day!" Then tossing both arms, with measureless imprecations he shouted out: "Aye, aye! and I'll chase him round Good Hope, and round the Horn, and round Norway Maelstrom, and round perdition's flames before I give him up. And this is what ye have shipped for, men! to chase that white whale on both sides of land, and over all sides of earth, till he spouts black blood and rolls fin out. What say ye, men, will ye splice hands on it, now? I think ye do look brave."

"Aye, aye!" shouted the harpooneers and seamen, running closer to the excited old man: "a sharp eye for the White Whale; a sharp lance for Moby Dick!"

. . . . . .

Here, then, was this grey-headed, ungodly old man, chasing with curses a Job's whale round the world, at the head of a crew, too, chiefly made up of mongrel renegades, and castaways, and cannibals — morally enfeebled also, by the incompetence of mere unaided virtue or right-mindedness in Starbuck, the invulnerable jollity of indifference and recklessness in Stubb, and the pervading mediocrity in Flask. Such a crew, so officered, seemed specially picked and packed by some infernal fatality to help him to his monomaniac revenge.

THE CHASE — THIRD DAY

The morning of the third day dawned fair and fresh, and once more the solitary night-man at the fore-masthead was relieved by crowds of the daylight look-outs, who dotted every mast and almost every spar.

"D'ye see him?" cried Ahab; but the whale was not yet in sight.

"In his infallible wake, though; but follow that wake, that's all. Helm there; steady, as thou goest, and hast been going. What a lovely day again! were it a new-made world, and made for a summer-house to the angels, and this morning the first of its throwing open to them, a fairer day could not dawn upon that world. Here's food for thought, had Ahab time to think; but Ahab never thinks; he only feels, feels, feels, *that's* tingling enough for mortal man! to think's audacity. God only has that right and privilege. Thinking is, or ought to be, coolness and a calmness; and our poor hearts throb, and our poor brains beat too much for that. And yet, I've sometimes thought my brain was very calm, frozen-calm, this old skull cracks so, like a glass in which the contents turn to ice, and shiver it. And still this hair is growing now; this moment growing, and heat must breed it; but no, it's like that sort of common grass that will grow anywhere, between the earthly clefts of Greenland ice or in Vesuvius lava. How the wild winds blow it; they whip it about me as the torn shreds of split sails lash the tossed ship they cling to. A vile wind that has no doubt blown ere this through prison corridors and cells, and wards of hospitals, and ventilated them, and now comes blowing hither as in-

nocent as fleeces. Out upon it! — it's tainted. Were I the wind, I'd blow no more on such a wicked, miserable world. I'd crawl somewhere to a cave, and slink there. And yet, 'tis a noble and heroic thing, the wind! who ever conquered it? In every fight it has the last and bitterest blow. Run tilting at it, and you but run through it. Ha! a coward wind that strikes stark naked men, but will not stand to receive a single blow. Even Ahab is a braver thing — a a nobler thing than *that*. Would now the wind but had a body; but all the things that most exasperate and outrage mortal man, all these things are bodiless, but only bodiless as objects, not as agents. There's a most special, a most cunning, oh, a most malicious difference! And yet, I say again, and swear it now, that there's something all glorious and gracious in the wind. These warm Trade Winds, at least, that in clear heavens blow straight on, in strong and steadfast, vigorous mildness; and veer not from their mark, however the baser currents of the sea may turn and tack, and mightiest Mississippis of the land shift and swerve about, uncertain where to go at last. And by the eternal Poles! these same Trades that so directly blow my good ship on; these Trades, or something like them — something so unchangeable, and full as strong, blow my keeled soul along! To it! Aloft there! What d'ye see? "

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing! and noon at hand! The doubloon goes a begging! See the sun! Aye, aye, it must be so. I've oversailed him. How, got the start? Aye, he's chasing *me* now; not I, *him* — that's bad; I might have known it, too. Fool! the lines — the harpoons he's towing. Aye, aye, I have run him by last night. About! about! Come down,

all of ye, but the regular look-outs! Man the braces! "

Steering as she had done, the wind had been somewhat on the *Pequod's* quarter, so that now being pointed in the reversed direction, the braced ship sailed hard upon the breeze as she rechurned the cream in her own white wake.

"Against the wind he now steers for the open jaw," murmured Starbuck to himself, as he coiled the new-hauled main-brace upon the rail. "God keep us, but already my bones feel damp within me, and from the inside wet my flesh. I misdoubt me that I disobey my God in obeying him! "

"Stand by to sway me up! " cried Ahab, advancing to the hempen basket. "We should meet him soon."

"Aye, aye, sir," and straightway Starbuck did Ahab's bidding, and once more Ahab swung on high.

A whole hour now passed; gold-beaten out to ages. Time itself now held long breaths with keen suspense. But at last, some three points off the weather-bow, Ahab descried the spout again, and instantly from three mast-heads three shrieks went up as if the tongues of fire had voiced it.

"Forehead to forehead I meet thee, this third time, Moby Dick! On deck there! — brace sharper up; crowd her into the wind's eye. He's too far off to lower yet, Mr. Starbuck. The sails shake! Stand over the helmsman with a topmaul! So, so; he travels fast, and I must down. But let me have one more good round look aloft here at sea; there's time for that. An old, old sight, and yet somehow so young; aye, and not changed a wink since I first saw it, a boy, from the sandhills of Nantucket! The same! — the same! — the same to Noah as to me. There's a soft shower

to leeward. Such lovely leewardings! They must lead somewhere — to something else than common land, more palmy than the palms. Leeward! the white whale goes that way; look to windward, then; the better if the bitterer quarter. But good-bye, good-bye, old masthead! What's this? green? aye, tiny mosses in these warped cracks. No such green weather stains on Ahab's head! There's the difference now between man's old age and matter's. But aye, old mast, we both grow old together; sound in our hulls, though, are we not, my ship? Aye, minus a leg, that's all. By heaven! this dead wood has the better of my live flesh every way. I can't compare with it; and I've known some ships made of dead trees outlast the lives of men made of the most vital stuff of vital fathers. What's that he said? he should still go before me, my pilot; and yet to be seen again? But where? Shall I have eyes at the bottom of the sea, supposing I descend those endless stairs? and all night I've been sailing from him, wherever he did sink to. Aye, aye, like many more thou told'st direful truth as touching thyself, O Parsee; but, Ahab, there thy shot fell short. Good-bye, mast-head — keep a good eye upon the whale, the while I'm gone. We'll talk to-morrow, nay, to-night, when the white whale lies down there, tied by head and tail."

He gave the word; and still gazing round him, was steadily lowered through the cloven blue air to the deck.

In due time the boats were lowered; but as standing in his shallop's stern Ahab just hovered upon the point of descent, he waved to the mate, — who held one of the tackle-ropes on deck — and bade him pause.

"Starbuck!"

"Sir?"

"For the third time my soul's ship starts upon this voyage, Starbuck."

"Aye, sir, thou wilt have it so."

"Some ships sail from their ports, and ever afterwards are missing, Starbuck!"

"Truth, sir: saddest truth."

"Some men die at ebb tide; some at low water; some at the full of the flood; — and I feel now like a billow that's all one crested comb, Starbuck. I am old; — shake hands with me, man."

Their hands met; their eyes fastened; Starbuck's tears the glue.

"Oh, my captain, my captain! — noble heart — go not — go not! — see, it's a brave man that weeps; how great the agony of the persuasion then!"

"Lower away!" — cried Ahab, tossing the mate's arm from him. "Stand by the crew!"

In an instant the boat was pulling round close under the stern.

"The sharks! the sharks!" cried a voice from the low cabin-window there; "O Master, my master, come back!"

But Ahab heard nothing; for his own voice was high lifted then; and the boat leaped on.

Yet the voice spake true; for scarce had he pushed from the ship, when numbers of sharks, seemingly rising from out the dark waters beneath the hull, maliciously snapped at the blades of the oars, every time they dipped in the water; and in this way accompanied the boats with their bites. It is a thing not uncommonly happening to the whale-boats in those swarming seas; the sharks at times

apparently following them in the same prescient way that vultures hover over the banners of marching regiments in the East. But these were the first sharks that had been observed by the *Pequod* since the White Whale had been first descried; and whether it was that Ahab's crew were all such tiger-yellow barbarians, and therefore their flesh more musky to the senses of the sharks — a matter sometimes well known to affect them, — however it was, they seemed to follow that one boat without molesting the others.

"Heart of wrought steel!" murmured Starbuck, gazing over the side and following with his eyes the receding boat — "canst thou yet ring boldly to that sight? — lowering thy keel among ravening sharks, and followed by them, open-mouthed, to the chase; and this the critical third day? — For when three days flow together in one continuous intense pursuit; be sure the first is the morning, the second the noon, and the third the evening and the end of that thing — be that end what it may. Oh! my God! what is this that shoots through me, and leaves me so deadly calm, yet expectant, — fixed at the top of a shudder! Future things swim before me, as in empty outlines and skeletons, all the past is somehow grown dim: Mary, girl! thou fadest in pale glories behind me; boy! I seem to see but thy eyes grown wondrous blue. Strangest problems of life seem clearing; but clouds sweep between — Is my journey's end coming? My legs feel faint; like his who has footed it all day. Feel thy heart, — beats it yet? — Stir thyself, Starbuck! — stave it off — move, move! speak aloud! — masthead there! See ye my boy's hand on the hill? — Crazed; — aloft there! —

keep thy keenest eye upon the boats: — mark well the whale! — Ho; again! — drive off that hawk! see! he pecks — he tears the vane" — pointing to the red flag flying at the main truck — "Ha! he soars away with it! — Where's the old man now? see'st thou that sight, oh Ahab! — shudder, shudder!"

The boats had not gone very far, when by a signal from the mastheads — a downward pointed arm, Ahab knew that the whale had sounded; but intending to be near him at his next rising, he held on his way a little sideways from the vessel; the becharmed crew maintaining the profoundest silence, as the head-beat waves hammered and hammered against the opposing bow.

"Drive, drive in your nails, oh ye waves! to their uttermost heads drive them in! ye but strike a thing without a lid; and no coffin and no hearse can be mine: — and hemp only can kill me! Ha! Ha!"

Suddenly the waters around them slowly swelled in broad circles; then quickly upheaved, as if sideways sliding from a submerged berg of ice, rising swiftly to the surface. A low rumbling sound was heard, a subterraneous hum; and then all held their breaths; as bedraggled with trailing ropes, and harpoons, and lances, a vast form shot lengthwise, but obliquely from the sea. Shrouded in a thin drooping veil of mist, it hovered for a moment in the rainbowed air; and then fell swamping back into the deep. Crushed thirty feet upwards, the waters flashed for an instant like heaps of fountains, then brokenly sank in a shower of flakes, leaving the circling surface creamed like new milk round the marble trunk of the whale.

"Give way!" cried Ahab to the oarsmen and the boats darted forward to the attack; but maddened by yesterday's fresh irons that corroded in him, Moby Dick seemed combinedly possessed by all the angels that fell from heaven. The wide tiers of welded tendons overspreading his broad white forehead, beneath the transparent skin, looked knitted together; as head on, he came churning his tail among the boats; and once more flailed them apart; spilling out the irons and lances from the two mates' boats, and dashing in one side of the upper part of their bows, but leaving Ahab's almost without a scar.

While Daggoo and Queequeg were stopping the strained planks; and as the whale swimming out from them, turned, and showed one entire flank as he shot by them again; at that moment a quick cry went up. Lashed round and round to the fish's back; pinioned in the turns upon turns in which, during the past night, the whale had reeled the involutions of the lines around him, the half torn body of the Parsee was seen; his sable raiment frayed to shreds; his distended eyes turned full upon old Ahab.

The harpoon dropped from his hand. "Befooled, befooled!" — drawing in a long lean breath — "Aye, Parsee! I see thee again — Aye, and thou goest before; and this, *this* then is the hearse that thou didst promise. But I hold thee to the last letter of thy word. Where is the second hearse? Away, mates, to the ship! those boats are useless now; repair them if ye can in time, and return to me; if not, Ahab is enough to die — Down, men! the first thing that but offers to jump from this boat I stand

in, that thing I harpoon. Ye are not other men, but my arms and my legs; and so obey me. — Where's the whale? Gone down again? "

But he looked too nigh the boat; for as if bent upon escaping with the corpse he bore, and as if the particular place of the last encounter had been but a stage in his leeward voyage, Moby Dick was now again steadily swimming forward; and had almost passed the ship, — which thus far had been sailing in the contrary direction to him, though for the present her headway had been stopped. He seemed swimming with his utmost velocity, and now only intent upon pursuing his own straight path in the sea.

" Oh! Ahab," cried Starbuck, " not too late is it, even now, the third day, to desist. See! Moby Dick seeks thee not. It is thou, thou, that madly seekest him! "

Setting sail to the rising wind, the lonely boat was swiftly impelled to the leeward, by both oars and canvas. And at last when Ahab was sliding by the vessel, so near as plainly to distinguish Starbuck's face as he leaned over the rail, he hailed him to turn the vessel about, and follow him, not too swiftly, at a judicious interval. Glancing upwards, he saw Tashtego, Queequeg, and Daggoo, eagerly mounting to the three mastheads; while the oarsmen were rocking in the two staved boats which had just been hoisted to the sides, and were busily at work in repairing them. One after the other, through the port-holes, as he sped, he also caught flying glimpses of Stubb and Flask, busying themselves on deck among bundles of new irons and lances. As he saw all this; as he heard the hammers in the broken boats; far other hammers seemed driving a nail into his heart. But he rallied. And now

marking that the vane or flag was gone from the main masthead, he shouted to Tashtego, who had just gained that perch, to descend again for another flag, and a hammer and nails, and so nail it to the mast.

Whether fagged by three days' running chase, and the resistance to his swimming in the knotted hamper he wore; or whether it was some latent deceitfulness and malice in him: whichever was true, the White Whale's way now began to abate, as it seemed, from the boat so rapidly nearing him once more; though indeed the whale's last start had not been so long a one as before. And still as Ahab glided over the waves the unpitying sharks accompanied him; and so pertinaciously stuck to the boat; and so continually bit at the plying oars, that the blades became jagged and crunched, and left small splinters in the sea, at almost every dip.

"Heed them not! those teeth but give new rowlocks to your oars. Pull on! 'tis the better rest, the shark's jaw than the yielding water."

"But at every bite, sir, the thin blades grow smaller and smaller!"

"They will last long enough! pull on! — But who can tell" — he muttered — "whether these sharks swim to feast on a whale or on Ahab? — But pull on! Aye, all alive, now — we near him. The helm! take the helm; let me pass," — and so saying, two of the oarsmen helped him forward to the bows of the still flying boat.

At length as the craft was cast to one side, and ran ranging along with the White Whale's flank, he seemed strangely oblivious of its advance — as the whale sometimes will — and Ahab was fairly within the smoky

mountain mist, which, thrown off from the Whale's spout, curled round his great, Monadnock hump. He was even thus close to him; when, with body arched back, and both arms lengthwise high-lifted to the poise, he darted his fierce iron, and his far fiercer curse into the hated whale. As both steel and curse sank to the socket, as if sucked into a morass, Moby Dick sideways writhed; spasmodically rolled his nigh flank against the bow, and, without staving a hole in it, so suddenly canted the boat over, that had it not been for the elevated part of the gunwale to which he then clung, Ahab would once more have been tossed into the sea. As it was, three of the oarsmen — who foreknew not the precise instant of the dart, and were therefore unprepared for its effects — these were flung out; but so fell, that, in an instant two of them clutched the gunwale again, and rising to its level on a combing wave, hurled themselves bodily inboard again; the third man helplessly drooping astern, but still afloat and swimming.

Almost simultaneously, with a mighty volition of ungraduated, instantaneous swiftness, the White Whale darted through the weltering sea. But when Ahab cried out to the steersman to take new turns with the line, and hold it so; and commanded the crew to turn round on their seats, and tow the boat up to the mark; the moment the treacherous line felt that double strain and tug, it snapped in the empty air!

"What breaks in me? Some sinew cracks! — 'tis whole again; oars! oars! Burst in upon him!"

Hearing the tremendous rush of the sea-crashing boat, the whale wheeled round to present his blank forehead at bay; but in that evolution, catching sight of the nearing

black hull of the ship; seemingly seeing in it the source of all his persecutions; bethinking it — it may be — a larger and nobler foe; of a sudden he bore down upon its advancing prow, smiting his jaws amid fiery showers of foam.

Ahab staggered; his hand smote his forehead. "I grow blind; hands! stretch out before me that I may yet grope my way. Is't nigh? "

"The whale! The ship! " cried the cringing oarsmen.

"Oars! oars! Slope downwards to thy depths, O sea, that ere it be for ever too late, Ahab may slide this last, last time upon his mark! I see: the ship! the ship! Dash on, my men! Will ye not save my ship? "

But as the oarsmen violently forced their boat through the sledge-hammering seas, the before whale-smitten bow-ends of two planks burst through, and in an instant almost, the temporarily disabled boat lay nearly level with the waves; its half-wading, splashing crew, trying hard to stop the gap and bale out the pouring water.

Meantime, for that one beholding instant, Tashtego's masthead hammer remained suspended in his hand; and the red flag, half wrapping him as with a plaid, then streamed itself straight out from him, as his own flowing-forward heart; while Starbuck and Stubb, standing upon the bowsprit beneath, caught sight of the down-coming monster just as soon as he.

"The whale, the whale! up helm, up helm! Oh, all ye sweet powers of air, now hug me close! Let not Starbuck die, if die he must, in a woman's fainting fit. Up helm, I say — Ye fools, the jaw! the jaw! Is this the end of all my bursting prayers? all my lifelong fidelities? Oh, Ahab,

Ahab, lo, thy work. Steady! helmsman, steady. Nay, nay! up helm again! He turns to meet us! Oh, his unappeasable brow drives on towards one, whose duty tells him he cannot depart. My God, stand by me now!

"Stand not by me, but stand under me, whoever you are that will now help Stubb; for Stubb, too, sticks here. I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Whoever helped Stubb, or kept Stubb awake, but Stubb's own unwinking eyes? And now poor Stubb goes to bed upon a mattress that is all too soft; would it were stuffed with brushwood! I grin at thee, thou grinning whale! Look ye, sun, moon and stars! I call ye assassins of as good a fellow as ever spouted up his ghost. For all that, I would yet ring glasses with thee, would ye but hand the cup! Oh, oh, oh, oh! thou grinning whale, but there'll be plenty of gulping soon! Why fly ye not, O Ahab? For me, off shoes and jacket to it; let Stubb die in his drawers! A most mouldy and over-salted death, though; — cherries! cherries! cherries! Oh, Flask, for one red cherry ere we die!"

"Cherries? I only wish that we were where they grow. Oh, Stubb, I hope my poor mother's drawn my part-pay ere this; if not, few coppers will come to her now, for the voyage is up."

From the ship's bows, nearly all the seamen now hung inactive; hammers, bits of plank, lances, and harpoons, mechanically retained in their hands, just as they had darted from their various employments; all their enchanted eyes intent upon the whale, which from side to side strangely vibrating his predestinating head, sent a broad band of overspreading semicircular foam before

him as he rushed. Retribution, swift vengeance, eternal malice were in his whole aspect, and spite of all that mortal man could do, the solid white buttress of his forehead smote the ship's starboard bow, till men and timbers reeled. Some fell flat upon their faces. Like dislodged trucks, the heads of the harpooneers aloft shook on their bull-like necks. Through the breach, they heard the waters pour, as mountain torrents down a flume.

"The ship! The hearse! — the second hearse!" cried Ahab from the boat; "its wood could only be American!"

Diving beneath the settling ship, the whale ran quivering along its keel; but turning under water, swiftly shot to the surface again, far off the other bow, but within a few yards of Ahab's boat, where, for a time, he lay quiescent.

"I turn my body from the sun. What ho, Tashtego, let me hear thy hammer. Oh! ye three unsurrendered spires of mine; thou uncracked keel; and only god-bullied hull; thou firm deck, and haughty helm, and Pole-pointed prow, — death-glorious ship! must ye then perish, and without me? Am I cut off from the last fond pride of meanest shipwrecked captains? Oh, lonely death on lonely life! Oh, now I feel my topmost greatness lies in my topmost grief. Ho, ho! from all your furthest bounds, pour ye now in, ye bold billows of my whole foregone life, and top this one piled comber of my death! Towards thee I roll, thou all-destroying but unconquering whale; to the last I grapple with thee; from hell's heart I stab at thee; for hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee. Sink all coffins and all hearses to one common pool! and since neither can be mine let me then tow to pieces, while still chasing thee,

though tied to thee, thou damned whale! *Thus*, I give up the spear! "

The harpoon was darted; the stricken whale flew forward; with igniting velocity the line flew through the groove; ran foul. Ahab stopped to clear it; he did clear it; but the flying turn caught him round the neck, and voicelessly as Turkish mutes bowstring their victim, he was shot out of the boat, ere the crew knew he was gone. Next instant, the heavy eyesplice in the rope's final end flew out of the stark-empty tub, knocked down an oarsman, and smiting the sea, disappeared in its depths.

For an instant, the tranced boat's crew stood still; then turned. " The ship? Great God, where is the ship? " Soon they through dim, bewildering mediums saw her sidelong fading phantom, as in the gaseous Fata Morgana; only the uppermost mast out of the water; while fixed by infatuation, or fidelity, or fate, to their once lofty perches, the pagan harpooneers still maintained their sinking look-outs on the sea. And now, concentric circles seized the lone boat itself, and all its crew, and each floating oar, and every lance-pole, and spinning, animate and inanimate, all round and round in one vortex, carried the smallest chip of the *Pequod* out of sight.

But as the last whelmings intermixingly poured themselves over the sunken head of the Indian at the mainmast, leaving a few inches of the erect spar still visible, together with long streaming yards of the flag, which calmly undulated, with ironical coincidings, over the destroying billows they almost touched; — at that instant, a red arm and a hammer hovered backwardly uplifted in the open air, in the act of nailing the flag faster and yet faster to the sub-

siding spar. A sky-hawk that taunting had followed the main-truck downwards from its natural home among the stars, pecking at the flag, and incommoding Tashtego there; this bird now chanced to intercept its broad fluttering wing between the hammer and the wood; and simultaneously feeling that ethereal thrill, the submerged savage beneath, in his death-grasp, kept his hammer frozen there; and so the bird of heaven, with unearthly shrieks, and his imperial beak thrust upwards, and his whole captive form folded in the flag of Ahab, went down with his ship, which, like Satan, would not sink to hell till she had dragged a living part of heaven along with her, and helmeted herself with it.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.

A WANDERER'S SONG[1]

JOHN MASEFIELD

A WIND'S in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels,
I am tired of brick and stone and rumbling wagon wheels;
I hunger for the sea's edge, the limits of the land,
Where the wild old Atlantic is shouting on the sand.
Oh I'll be going, leaving the noises of the street,
To where a lifting foresail-foot is yanking at the sheet;
To a windy, tossing anchorage where yawls and ketches ride,
Oh I'll be going, going, until I meet the tide.
And first I'll hear the sea-wind, the mewing of the gulls,
The chuckling, sucking of the sea about the rusty hulls,
The songs at the capstan in the hooker warping out,
And then the heart of me'll know I'm there or thereabout.
Oh I am tired of brick and stone, the heart of me is sick,
For windy green, unquiet sea, the realm of Moby Dick;
And I'll be going, going, from the roaring of the wheels,
For a wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels.

[1] From "Collected Poems." Copyright 1912, 1913 by The Macmillan Company, and 1911, 1918 by John Masefield.

ORCA GLADIATOR

Louis Becke

(George) Louis Becke was born in Port Macquarie, New South Wales, in 1848. For twenty-three years he was a trader and supercargo in the South Sea Islands. He was a prolific writer of South Sea and nautical literature. Among his best-known works are "The Ebbing of the Tide", "The Trader's Wife", "Pacific Tales" and "Wild Life in Southern Seas", from which the following is taken. He died February 18, 1913.

WE — a little girl of six, and myself — were seated upon a high, flat-topped, grassy headland of a lonely part of the northern coast of New South Wales, five miles from the old penal settlement of Port Macquarie. Three hundred feet below, the long Pacific rollers, unruffled by the slightest breath of air, swept in endless but surfless succession around a chain of black, isolated, and kelp-covered rocks that stood out from the shore at a distance of a cable-length or so. The tide was low, and some of the rocks raised their jagged, sun-dried, summits perhaps six feet above the surface; others scarce a foot, so that each gentle swell as it came wavering shoreward poured over their faces in a creamy lather of foam; others again were fathoms below, and their thick garments of kelp and weed swayed to and fro unceasingly to the sweep of the ocean roll above them. And in and about the rocks, and hovering over the white gleam of sandy bottom that, like a great table of ivory, lay be-

tween them and the cliff-bound shore, swam droves of bright, pink-coloured schnapper and great lazily moving blue-fish. Half a mile away a swarm of white gulls floated motionless on the blue expanse; upon the time-worn fore-shore boulders beneath us stood lines and groups of black divers, with wings outspread in solemn silence, gazing seaward.

We had climbed the headland to look for whales; for it was the month of October, when the great schools of humpbacks and finbacks were travelling southward to colder seas from their breeding grounds among the Bampton shoals, nine hundred miles away, north-east. For three weeks they had been passing south, sometimes, far out from the land, sometimes within a mile of the shore — hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of rich blubber, with never a whaleship nor whaleboat's crew within two thousand miles; for the brave old days of Australian whaling enterprise died full thirty years ago.

At last, a mile or so away, a jet of smoky spray, and then another and another! Five humpbacks — two cows, two calves, and a bull — only a small 'pod' — that is, a school. Nearer and nearer they came, their huge, black humps gleaming brightly in the dazzling sunlight as they rose to spout. A hundred yards in front, the old bull rolls lazily along, 'sounding' but rarely, for the sea is full of squid, and he and his convoy, with drooping lower jaws, suck in the lovely morsels in countless swarms.

Six weeks before, as they had rolled and spouted northwards to the great lagoons of the Bampton and Bellona Reefs, they had passed within, perhaps, a hundred yards of the headland upon which we sat. Perhaps, too, a fierce

'north-easter' blew, and the chain of rocks that was now so gently laved by the murmuring waves was smothered in the wild turmoil of a roaring surf, and the great bull, although his huge, corrugated belly itched sorely from the thick growth of inch-long barnacles that had so tormented him of late, spouted regretfully, and headed seaward again — even he could not scratch his giant frame in such a surf as that. But to-day it was different; and now he could enjoy that long-delayed pleasure of dragging his great body over the rough surfaces of the submerged rocks, and tearing those dreadfully irritating barnacles off his twenty-five feet of grey-white ridgy stomach. For, suddenly, he raised his vast head, and then 'sounded,' straight on end, and the child by my side gave a gasp of wondering terror as she saw his mighty tail rise a good ten feet in the air and then slowly vanish beneath the sea.

On went the cows and calves, apparently taking no heed of father's sudden dive shoreward. He would soon be back, they knew, as soon as the poor fellow had rid himself of those tormenting barnacles; and so with diminished speed they kept in southwards towards Camden Haven. But just as the great bull came bursting through the blue depths into the greeny hue of six fathoms of water, we saw between him and the 'pod' two small jets, like spurts of steam, shoot up from the water between him and his convoy; and in another second the cows and calves had sounded in deadliest terror, and were rushing seaward, two thousand feet below. For they knew that out there in the depths lay their only hope of safety from their dreaded and invincible enemies, the 'killers' and 'threshers' of the South Pacific — the murderous, savage

cetacean pirates that lie in wait for the returning 'pods' as they travel southwards to the colder seas of Tasmania. As the great humpback reached the chain of rocks, and had begun to scratch, his foes had advanced silently but swiftly towards him. Before them swam their equally fierce and dreaded ally, *Alopias Vulpes*, the 'thresher,' or fox-shark. But, before I tell you of that noble fight of giants, which for nearly two hours we gazed at on that October morning from the lonely headland, let me say something about *Alopias Vulpes* and his fellow pirate, *Orca Gladiator*, the 'killer.'

. . . . . .

First of all, then, as to the 'thresher.' He is a shark, pure and simple, and takes his name from his enormous, scythe-like, bony tail, which forms two-thirds of his length. His mouth is but small, and whales have little to fear from that, but dread the terrible knife-like sweep and downward slash of his tail; for each stroke cuts through the tough skin and sinks deep into the blubber. Such is the 'thresher,' and in every drove of 'killers' there is always one thresher, sometimes two.

The 'killer' is actually a whale, for he is warm-blooded and rises to the surface to spout, which he does in a manner that has often led to his being mistaken for a humpback, or finback whale. He is distinguishable only from the grampus by his mouth, which has teeth — and terrible teeth — in both jaws: the grampus has teeth in his lower jaw only. When he (the grampus) is a baby he has teeth in both jaws, but those of the upper jaw are shed and fall out when he is about half grown. The killer has teeth in both jaws, as many a poor humpback and fin-

back has found out to his cost, for the fierce creature does justice to his name — *Orca Gladiator*.

The killers have a business and they never neglect it. It is the business of whale catching and killing. They are the bull-dog pirates of the deep sea, and on the coast of Australia their headquarters are at Twofold Bay. Sometimes, but not often, they have been known to attack the monarch of the ocean, the sperm-whale. But they generally leave him alone. He is too big, too powerful, and his great eight-inch teeth and fierce spirit render him a dangerous customer to tackle. But with the right whale, the humpback, and the seventy-foot flying finback, the killers can work their cruel will.

And now to the fight we saw.

. . . . . .

For about ten minutes or so the great humpback dragged his monstrous fifty feet of flesh and blubber across the tops of the submerged rocks, raising sometimes his vast head and sometimes his mighty flukes out of the water, as with all the weight of his giant body he rubbed, and scraped, and scratched his itching belly against the surface of the rocks. Suddenly, a long, greyish object swept like lightning upon him, and the thresher buried his teeth in the loose skin of his 'small' — that is, about fifteen or sixteen feet from his tail. And at the same moment, with savage puffs of spray shooting high from their blow-holes, the two killers darted at his head and seized him by the jaws. In ten seconds there was nought to be seen but a maddened whirl and seethe of foam, as the unfortunate victim sought to escape seaward. Well did he know that in such shallow water — there was but

five or six fathoms — he could not sound far below into the ocean's depths, and, carrying his foes with him, compel them to rise for air. Fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes exhausts the air supply of a killer; a whale can remain below for sixty. But he made a bold attempt.

Raising his enormous head high in air, and giving it a mighty shake, he freed himself from one of the killers, whose body, twenty feet in length, he hurled from him as if it were a minnow; but the other, with his cruel teeth buried bull-dog fashion in his thick lips, hung on with savage tenacity. And down upon his 'small' the thresher, with his teeth gripping the loose, tough, and wrinkled skin, upreared his lengthy form, and brought his awful scythe-like tail down upon the victim's back with a smack that could be heard half a mile away. It cut, and then, as the whale rolled in his agony from the blow, a broad, white streak of blubber oozed through the severed skin. Before he could gather strength for that seaward rush, which meant life, the thrown-off killer was back, and had seized him again by his starboard lip. Too late! he could not sound and could not flee, and the poor, worried animal seemed to know it, for suddenly he lay quiet, while the bull-dogs shook him and the thresher dealt him steady but fearful blows upon his broad expanse of shining back.

"Oh, the poor whale!" said my little companion, as she shudderingly clutched my arm. "Look at that!"

The killer fastened to the left jaw of the helpless, floating monster, raising his square white and black head about a foot or two out of the water, gave it that quick jerk one sees a fox-terrier give to a rat, and brought away in his jaws a piece of lip about a yard long — a thick strip

of bloody white and red. And, as a terrier throws a rat backward and upward, so did the killer throw away the gory mass; it fell with a heavy splash upon the water some fathoms away. Then with a mighty leap the wretched whale sprang clear out of the water, standing for a moment or two straight up and down, and as he swung his body round in falling, we saw the blood pouring from his jaws in a stream. He fell upon his back with a terrific splash of foam, and for a few seconds was out of sight; again he raised his head — the killers were both fastened to his lips again, tearing off the blubbery flesh in monstrous strips. Once, as he wallowed in his agony, he opened his vasty jaw, and ere he could close his mouth one of his foes thrust in his bull-dog head and sought to tear away a piece of his great tongue. And then came such a crashing and splashing and bewildering leaping of foam, and his tail upreared itself and swept round and round in all directions, and then struck the water a blow that sounded like a thunderclap.

"Look," said the child again, "there are more of those cruel killers coming; see, there they are, just below us! Oh! how I hate them!"

Fifty feet away from the persecuted humpback, and sailing round and round in the green water beyond the rocks, were five sharks. They had smelt the blood of battle, and were waiting till they could join in, and, while the killers forced their heads into the humpback's mouth and tore out his toothsome tongue, feed upon the quivering mass of blubber and rend him in pieces from his head down to his 'small.'

The unfortunate animal was now becoming rapidly ex-

hausted, and although he still struck the water resounding blows with his tail, he was convulsed with pain and terror, and swam slowly round and round in a circle, spouting feebly, and rolling from side to side in a vain effort to shake off the killers, and find his way to the open sea. Then, as if wearied with their attempts to get at his tongue, the two destroyers suddenly let go their hold and swam away some twenty yards or so; and the thresher, too, although he still lay alongside, ceased his fearful blows and let his long, narrow, and tapering body lie motionless upon the water, and the five grey sharks drew nearer and nearer. But the killers had not left him, for after spouting once or twice, they slewed round and came at the prey with a savage rush, and, leaping bodily out of the water, flung themselves upon his back time and time again with the most cruel and extraordinary pertinacity. And so, at last, his monstrous head and thirty feet of his back raised high out of the water, and the white seethe of foam in which his colossal frame writhed and shuddered in deadly torment was tinged deeply with a bloodied red. Better far would have been for him the swift, death-dealing stroke of the whaler's lance, or the dreadful 'squish' of the bursting bomb as it entered his vitals, and put an end to him at once, than endure such tortures as now were his. But, presently, gathering his strength for one final effort, one last spout slowly curled out, he lowered his head, raised his tail, and dashed headlong seaward. And like demons from the pit the two killers followed him down. They knew that for a mile out the water was to shallow for him to get away from them. Behind, the five sharks swept in swift pursuit; ahead of all

Alopias Vulpes cleft the water with sharp vicious 'tweeps' of his long tail.

Five, perhaps six, minutes passed, and then, with a roaring burst of foam, and spouting quickly, he raised his immense form half out of the water and, supporting himself upon his tail, spun round and round. Twice his cave-like mouth opened and shut, and as he beat the sea into froth and spume around, a strange, awe-inspiring sound accompanied his last spout; for the sharks were at him below, tearing and riving out mouthfuls of blubber, and the killers had dragged out his tongue. One last shuddering gasp, and the now unconscious creature sank backward, and describing a circle in his final 'flurry,' rolled over, 'fin up,' and gave up his greasy ghost.

THE VOYAGE

Lord Tennyson

(Alfred) Lord Tennyson was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, England, August 6, 1809. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he began his poetical career with a very imperfect study in Miltonic blank verse called "Timbuctoo." Twenty-one years later, in 1850, on the death of Wordsworth, he was tendered the poet laureateship as a result of the Prince Consort's admiration for "In Memoriam."

WE left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbour-mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fleeted to the South:
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore!
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore.

. . . . . .

O hundred shores of happy climes,
How swiftly stream'd ye by the bark!
At times the whole sea burn'd, at times
With wakes of fire we tore the dark;
At times a carven craft would shoot
From havens hid in fairy bowers,
With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers.

For one fair Vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night,
And still we follow'd where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
And fixt upon the far sea-line;
But each man murmur'd, "O my Queen,
I follow till I make thee mine."

And now we lost her, now she gleam'd
Like Fancy made of golden air,
Now nearer to the prow she seem'd
Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair,
Now high on waves that idly burst
Like Heavenly Hope she crown'd the sea,
And now, the bloodless point reversed,
She bore the blade of Liberty.

And only one among us — him
We pleased not — he was seldom pleased;
He saw not far: his eyes were dim:
But ours he swore were all diseased.
"A ship of fools," he shriek'd in spite,
"A ship of fools," he sneer'd and wept.
And overboard one stormy night
He cast his body, and on we swept.

And never sail of ours was furl'd,
Nor anchor dropt at eve or morn;
We loved the glories of the world,
But laws of nature were our scorn.

For blasts would rise and rave and cease,
  But whence were those that drove the sail
Across the whirlwind's heart of peace,
  And to and thro' the counter-gale?

Again to colder climes we came,
  For still we follow'd where she led:
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
  And half the crew are sick or dead.
But, blind or lame or sick or sound,
  We follow that which flies before:
We know the merry world is round,
  And we may sail for evermore.

THE SINGULAR FATE OF THE BRIG POLLY

RALPH D. PAINE

RALPH D. (Delahaye) PAINE was born in Lemont, Illinois, August 28, 1871. He was educated at Yale and the University of New Hampshire. He entered journalism in 1894 and served as war correspondent during the Cuban Rebellion, the Spanish-American War and the Boxer uprising in China. He was a prolific writer of fiction, among his numerous books being "The Praying Skipper", "The Stroke Oar", "First Down, Kentucky" and "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas", from which the following is taken. He died in 1925.

STEAM has not banished from the deep sea the ships that lift tall spires of canvas to win their way from port to port. The gleam of their topsails recalls the centuries in which men wrought with stubborn courage to fashion fabrics of wood and cordage that should survive the enmity of the implacable ocean and make the winds obedient. Their genius was unsung, their hard toil forgotten, but with each generation the sailing ship became nobler and more enduring, until it was a perfect thing. Its great days live in memory with a peculiar atmosphere of romance. Its humming shrouds were vibrant with the eternal call of the sea, and in a phantom fleet pass the towering East Indiaman, the hard-driven Atlantic packet, and the gracious clipper that fled before the Southern trades.

A hundred years ago every bay and inlet of the New England coast was building ships which fared bravely forth to the West Indies, to the roadsteads of Europe, to

the mysterious havens of the Far East. They sailed in peril of pirate and privateer, and fought these rascals as sturdily as they battled with wicked weather. Coasts were unlighted, the seas uncharted, and navigation was mostly by guesswork, but these seamen were the flower of an American merchant marine whose deeds are heroic in the nation's story. Great hearts in little ships, they dared and suffered with simple, uncomplaining fortitude. Shipwreck was an incident, and to be adrift in lonely seas or cast upon a barbarous shore was sadly commonplace. They lived the stuff that made fiction after they were gone.

Your fancy may be able to picture the brig *Polly* as she steered down Boston harbour in December, 1811, bound to Santa Cruz with lumber and salted provisions for the slaves of the sugar plantations. She was only a hundred and thirty tons burden and perhaps eighty feet long. Rather clumsy to look at and roughly built was the *Polly* as compared with the larger ships that brought home the China tea and silks to the warehouses of Salem. Such a ship was a community venture. The blacksmith, the rigger, and the calker took their pay in shares, or 'pieces.' They became part owners, as did likewise the merchant who supplied stores and material; and when the brig was afloat, the master, the mate, and even the seamen were allowed cargo space for commodities that they might buy and sell to their own advantage. A voyage directly concerned a whole neighbourhood.

Every coastwise village had a row of keel-blocks sloping to the tide. In winter weather too rough for fishing, when the farms lay idle, the Yankee Jack-of-all-trades

plied with his axe and adze to shape the timbers and peg together such a little vessel as the *Polly*, in which to trade to London or Cadiz or the Windward Islands. Hampered by an unfriendly climate, hard put to it to grow sufficient food, with land immensely difficult to clear, the New Englander was between the devil and the deep sea, and he sagaciously chose the latter. Elsewhere, in the early days, the forest was an enemy to be destroyed with great pains. The pioneers of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine regarded it with favour as the stuff with which to make stout ships and the straight masts they 'stepped' in them.

Nowadays, such a little craft as the *Polly* would be rigged as a schooner. The brig is obsolete, along with the quaint array of scows, ketches, pinks, brigantines and sloops which once filled the harbours and hove their hempen cables short to the clank of the windlass or capstan-pawl, while the brisk seamen sang a chanty to help the work along. The *Polly* had yards on both masts, and it was a bitter task to lay out in a gale of wind and reef the unwieldy single topsails. She would try for no record passages, but jogged sedately, and snugged down when the weather threatened.

On this tragic voyage she carried a small crew, Captain W. L. Cazneau, a mate, four sailors, and a cook who was a native Indian. No mention is to be found of any ill omens that forecasted disaster, such as a black cat, or a cross-eyed Finn in the forecastle. Two passengers were on board, "Mrs. J. S. Hunt and a negro girl nine years old." We know nothing whatever about Mr. Hunt, who may have been engaged in some trading 'adventure' of

his own. Perhaps his kinsfolk had waved him a fare-ye-well from the pier-head when the *Polly* warped out of her berth.

The lone piccaninny is more intriguing. She appeals to the imagination and inspires conjecture. Was she a waif of the slave traffic whom some benevolent merchant of Boston was sending to Santa Cruz to find a home beneath kindlier skies? Had she been entrusted to the care of Mr. Hunt? She is unexplained, a pitiful atom visible for an instant on the tide of human destiny. She amused the sailors, no doubt, and that austere, copper-hued cook may have unbent to give her a doughnut when she grinned at the galley-door.

Four days out from Boston, on December 15, the *Polly* had cleared the perilous sands of Cape Cod and the hidden shoals of the Georges. Mariners were profoundly grateful when they had safely worked off shore in the winter-time and were past Cape Cod, which bore a very evil repute in those days of square-rigged vessels. Captain Cazneau could recall that sombre day of 1802 when three fine ships, the *Ulysses*, *Brutus*, and *Volusia*, sailing together from Salem for European ports, were wrecked next day on Cape Cod. The fate of those who were washed ashore alive was most melancholy. Several died of the cold, or were choked by the sand which covered them after they fell exhausted.

As in other regions where shipwrecks were common, some of the natives of Cape Cod regarded a ship on the beach as their rightful plunder. It was old Parson Lewis of Wellfleet, who, from his pulpit window, saw a vessel drive ashore on a stormy Sunday morning. "He closed

his Bible, put on his outside garment, and descended from the pulpit, not explaining his intention until he was in the aisle, and then he cried out 'Start fair' and took to his legs. The congregation understood and chased pell-mell after him."

The brig *Polly* laid her course to the southward and sailed into the safer, milder waters of the Gulf Stream. The skipper's load of anxiety was lightened. He had not been sighted and molested by the British men-of-war that cruised off Boston and New York to hold up Yankee merchantmen and impress stout seamen. This grievance was to flame in a righteous war only a few months later. Many a voyage was ruined, and ships had to limp back to port short-handed, because their best men had been kidnapped to serve in British ships. It was an age when might was right on the sea.

The storm which overwhelmed the brig *Polly* came out of the south-east, when she was less than a week on the road to Santa Cruz. To be dismasted and waterlogged was no uncommon fate. It happens often nowadays, when little schooners creep along the coast, from Maine and Nova Scotia ports, and dare the winter blows to earn their bread. Men suffer in open boats, as has been the seafarer's hard lot for ages, and they drown with none to hear their cries, but they are seldom adrift more than a few days. The story of the *Polly* deserves to be rescued from oblivion because, so far as I am able to discover, it is unique in the spray-swept annals of maritime disaster.

Seamanship was helpless to ward off the attack of the storm that left the brig a sodden hulk. Courageously her

crew shortened sail and made all secure when the sea and sky presaged a change of weather. There were no green hands, but men seasoned by the continual hazards of their calling. The wild gale smote them in the darkness of the night. They tried to heave the vessel to, but she was battered and wrenched without mercy. Stout canvas was whirled away in fragments. The seams of the hull opened as she laboured, and six feet of water flooded the hold. Leaking like a sieve, the *Polly* would never see port again.

Worse was to befall her. At midnight she was capsized, or thrown on her beam-ends, as the sailor's lingo has it. She lay on her side while the clamorous seas washed clean over her. The skipper, the mate, the four seamen, and the cook somehow clung to the rigging and grimly refused to be drowned. They were of the old breed, "every hair a rope-yarn and every finger a fish-hook." They even managed to find an axe and grope their way to the shrouds in the faint hope that the brig might right if the masts went overside. They hacked away, and came up to breathe now and then, until the foremast and mainmast fell with a crash, and the wreck rolled level. Then they slashed with their knives at the tangle of spars and ropes until they drifted clear. As the waves rush across a half-tide rock, so they broke over the shattered brig, but she no longer wallowed on her side.

At last the stormy daylight broke. The mariners had survived, and they looked to find their two passengers, who had no other refuge than the cabin. Mr. Hunt was gone, blotted out with his affairs and his ambitions, whatever they were. The coloured child they had vainly tried to find in the night. When the sea boiled into the cabin

and filled it, she had climbed to the skylight in the roof, and there she clung like a bat. They hauled her out through a splintered gap, and sought tenderly to shelter her in a corner of the streaming deck, but she lived no more than a few hours. It was better that this bit of human flotsam should flutter out in this way than to linger a little longer in this forlorn derelict of a ship. The *Polly* could not sink, but she drifted as a mere bundle of boards with the ocean winds and currents, while seven men tenaciously fought off death and prayed for rescue.

The gale blew itself out, the sea rolled blue and gentle, and the wreck moved out into the Atlantic, having veered beyond the eastern edge of the Gulf Stream. There was raw salt pork and beef to eat, nothing else, barrels of which they fished out of the cargo. A keg of water which had been lashed to the quarter-deck was found to contain thirty gallons. This was all there was to drink, for the other water-casks had been smashed or carried away. The diet of meat pickled in brine aggravated the thirst of these castaways. For twelve days they chewed on this salty raw stuff, and then the Indian cook, Moho by name, actually succeeded in kindling a fire by rubbing two sticks together in some abstruse manner handed down by his ancestors. By splitting pine spars and a bit of oaken rail he was able to find in the heart of them wood which had not been dampened by the sea, and he sweated and grunted until the great deed was done. It was a trick which he was not at all sure of repeating unless the conditions were singularly favourable. Fortunately for the hapless crew of the *Polly*, their Puritan grandsires had failed in their amiable endeavour to extinguish the aborigine.

The tiny galley, or 'camboose' as they called it, was lashed to ring-bolts in the deck, and had not been washed into the sea when the brig was swept clean. So now they patched it up and got a blaze going in the brick oven. The meat could be boiled, and they ate it without stint, assuming that a hundred barrels of it remained in the hold. It had not been discovered that the stern-post of the vessel was staved in under water and all of the cargo excepting some of the lumber had floated out.

The cask of water was made to last eighteen days by serving out a quart a day to each man. Then an occasional rain-squall saved them for a little longer from perishing of thirst. At the end of the forty days they had come to the last morsel of salt meat. The *Polly* was following an aimless course to the eastward, drifting slowly under the influence of ocean winds and currents. These gave her also a southerly slant, so that she was caught by the vast movement of water which is known as the Gulf Stream Drift. It sets over toward the coast of Africa and sweeps into the Gulf of Guinea.

The derelict was moving away from the routes of trade to Europe into the almost trackless spaces beneath the tropic sun, where the sea glittered empty to the horizon. There was a remote chance that she might be descried by a low-hulled slaver crowding for the West Indies under a mighty press of sail, with her human freightage jammed between decks to endure the unspeakable horrors of the Middle Passage. Although the oceans were populous with ships a hundred years ago, trade flowed on habitual routes. Moreover, a wreck might pass unseen two or three miles away. From the quarter-deck of a

small sailing ship there was no such circle of vision as extends from the bridge of a steamer forty or sixty feet above the water, where the officers gaze through high-powered binoculars.

The crew of the *Polly* stared at skies which yielded not the merciful gift of rain. They had strength to build them a sort of shelter of lumber, but whenever the weather was rough, they were drenched by the waves which played over the wreck. At the end of fifty days of this hardship and torment the seven were still alive, but then the mate, Mr. Paddock, languished and died. It surprised his companions, for, as the old record runs,

> he was a man of robust constitution who had spent his life in fishing on the Grand Banks, was accustomed to endure privations, and appeared the most capable of standing the shocks of misfortune of any of the crew. In the meridian of life, being about thirty-five years old, it was reasonable to suppose that, instead of the first, he would have been the last to fall a sacrifice to hunger and thirst and exposure, but Heaven ordered it otherwise.

Singularly enough, the next to go was a young seaman, spare and active, who was also a fisherman by trade. His name was Howe. He survived six days longer than the mate, and "likewise died delirious and in dreadful distress." Fleeting thunder-showers had come to save the others, and they had caught a large shark by means of a running bowline slipped over his tail while he nosed about the weedy hull. This they cut up and doled out

for many days. It was certain, however, that unless they could obtain water to drink they would soon all be dead men on the *Polly*.

Captain Cazneau seems to have been a sailor of extraordinary resource and resolution. His was the unbreakable will to live and to endure which kept the vital spark flickering in his shipmates. Whenever there was strength enough among them, they groped in the water in the hold and cabin in the desperate hope of finding something to serve their needs. In this manner they salvaged an iron tea-kettle and one of the captain's flint-lock pistols. Instead of flinging them away, he sat down to cogitate, a gaunt, famished wraith of a man who had kept his wits and knew what to do with them.

At length he took an iron pot from the galley, turned the tea-kettle upside down on it, and found that the rims failed to fit together. Undismayed, the skipper whittled a wooden collar with a seaman's sheath-knife, and so joined the pot and the kettle. With strips of cloth and pitch scraped from the deck-beams, he was able to make a tight union where his round wooden frame set into the flaring rim of the pot. Then he knocked off the stock of the pistol and had the long barrel to use for a tube. This he rammed into the nozzle of the tea-kettle, and calked them as well as he could. The result was a crude apparatus for distilling sea-water, when placed upon the bricked oven of the galley.

Imagine those three surviving seamen and the stolid redskin of a cook watching the skipper while he methodically tinkered and puttered! It was absolutely the one and final chance of salvation. Their lips were black and

cracked and swollen, their tongues lolled, and they could no more than wheeze when they tried to talk. There was now a less precarious way of making fire than by rubbing dry sticks together. This had failed them most of the time. The captain had saved the flint and steel from the stock of his pistol. There was tow or tarry oakum to be shredded fine and used for tinder. This smouldered and then burst into a tiny blaze when the sparks flew from the flint, and they knew that they would not lack the blessed boon of fire.

Together they lifted the precious contrivance of the pot and the kettle and tottered with it to the galley. There was an abundance of fuel from the lumber, which was hauled through a hatch and dried on deck. Soon the steam was gushing from the pistol-barrel, and they poured cool salt water over the upturned spout of the tea-kettle to cause condensation. Fresh water trickled from the end of the pistol-barrel, and they caught it in a tin cup. It was scarcely more than a drop at a time, but they stoked the oven and lugged buckets of salt water, watch and watch, by night and day. They roused in their sleep to go on with the task with a sort of dumb instinct. They were like wretched automatons.

So scanty was the allowance of water obtained that each man was limited to " four small wine glasses " a day, perhaps a pint. It was enough to permit them to live and suffer and hope. In the warm seas which now cradled the *Polly* the barnacles grew fast. The captain, the cook, and the three seamen scraped them off and for some time had no other food. They ate these shell-fish mostly raw, because cooking interfered with that tiny trickle of condensed water.

The faithful cook was the next of the five to succumb. He expired in March, after they had been three months adrift, and the manner of his death was quiet and dignified, as befitted one who might have been a painted warrior in an earlier day. The account says of him:

> On the 15th of March, according to their computation, poor Moho gave up the ghost, evidently from want of water, though with much less distress than the others, and in full exercise of his reason. He very devoutly prayed and appeared perfectly resigned to the will of God who had so sorely afflicted him.

The story of the *Polly* is unstained by any horrid episode of cannibalism, which occurs now and then in the old chronicles of shipwreck. In more than one seaport the people used to point at some weather-beaten mariner who was reputed to have eaten the flesh of a comrade. It made a marked man of him, he was shunned, and the unholy notoriety followed him to other ships and ports. The sailors of the *Polly* did cut off a leg of the poor, departed Moho, and used it as bait for sharks, and they actually caught a huge shark by so doing.

It was soon after this that they found the other pistol of the pair, and employed the barrel to increase the capacity of the still. By lengthening the tube attached to the spout of the tea-kettle, they gained more cooling surface for condensation, and the flow of fresh water now amounted to " eight junk bottles full " every twenty-four hours. Besides this, wooden gutters were hung at the eaves of the galley and of the rough shed in which they lived, and whenever rain fell, it ran into empty casks.

The crew was dwindling fast. In April, another seaman, Johnson by name, slipped his moorings and passed on to the haven of Fiddler's Green, where the souls of all dead mariners may sip their grog and spin their yarns and rest from the weariness of the sea. Three men were left aboard the *Polly*, the captain and two sailors.

The brig drifted into that fabled area of the Atlantic that is known as the Sargasso Sea, which extends between 16° and 38° North, between the Azores and the Antilles. Here the ocean currents are confused and seem to move in circles, with a great expanse of stagnant ocean, where the seaweed floats in tangled patches of red and brown and green. It was an old legend that ships once caught in the Sargasso Sea were unable to extricate themselves, and so rotted miserably and were never heard of again. Columbus knew better, for his caravels sailed through these broken carpets of weed, where the winds were so small and fitful that the Genoese sailors despaired of reaching anywhere. The myth persisted, and it was not dispelled until the age of steam. The doldrums of the Sargasso Sea were the dread of sailing ships.

The days and weeks of blazing calms in this strange wilderness of ocean mattered not to the blindly errant wreck of the *Polly*. She was a dead ship that had outwitted her destiny. She had no masts and sails to push her through these acres of leathery kelp and bright masses of weed which had drifted from the Gulf and the Caribbean to come to rest in this solitary, watery waste. And yet to the captain and his two seamen this dreaded Sargasso Sea was beneficent. The stagnant weed swarmed with fish and gaudy crabs and molluscs. Here was food to be had

for the mere harvesting of it. They hauled masses of weed over the broken bulwarks and picked off the crabs by hundreds. Fishing gear was an easy problem for these handy sailor-men. They had found nails enough; hand-forged and malleable. In the galley they heated and hammered them to make fish-hooks, and the lines were of small stuff 'unrove' from a length of halyard. And so they caught fish, and cooked them while the oven could be spared. Otherwise they ate them raw, which was not distasteful after they had become accustomed to it. The natives of the Hawaiian Islands prefer their fish that way. Besides this, they split a large number of small fish and dried them in the hot sun upon the roof of the shelter. The sea-salt which collected in the bottom of the still was rubbed into the fish. It was a bitter condiment, but it helped to preserve them against spoiling.

The season of spring advanced until the derelict *Polly* had been four months afloat and wandering, and the end of the voyage was a long way off. The minds and bodies of the castaways had adjusted themselves to the intolerable situation. The most amazing aspect of the experience is that these men remained sane. They must have maintained a certain order and routine of distilling water, of catching fish, of keeping track of the indistinguishable procession of the days and weeks. Captain Cazneau's recollection was quite clear when he came to write down his account of what had happened. The one notable omission is the death of another sailor, name unknown, which must have occurred after April. The only seaman who survived to keep the skipper company was Samuel Badger.

By way of making the best of it, these two indomit-

able seafarers continued to work on their rough deck-house, "which by constant improvement had become much more commodious." A few bundles of hewn shingles were discovered in the hold, and a keg of nails was found lodged in a corner of the forecastle. The shelter was finally made tight and water-proof, but, alas! there was no need of having it "more commodious." It is obvious, also, that "when reduced to two only, they had a better supply of water." How long they remained in the Sargasso Sea it is impossible to ascertain. Late in April it is recounted that "no friendly breeze wafted to their side the sea-weed from which they could obtain crabs or insects."

The mysterious impulse of the currents plucked at the keel of the *Polly* and drew her clear of this region of calms and of ancient, fantastic sea-tales. She moved in the open Atlantic again, without guidance or destination, and yet she seemed inexplicably to be following an appointed course, as though fate decreed that she should find rescue waiting somewhere beyond the horizon.

The brig was drifting toward an ocean more frequented, where the Yankee ships bound out to the River Plate sailed in a long slant far over to the African coast to take advantage of the booming trade-winds. She was also wallowing in the direction of the route of the East Indiamen, which departed from English ports to make the far-distant voyage around the Cape of Good Hope. None of them sighted the speck of a derelict, which floated almost level with the sea and had no spars to make her visible. Captain Cazneau and his companion saw sails glimmer against the sky-line during the last thousand miles of

drift, but they vanished like bits of cloud, and none passed near enough to bring salvation.

June found the *Polly* approaching the Canary Islands. The distance of her journey had been about two thousand miles, which would make the average rate of drift something more than three hundred miles a month, or ten miles per day. The season of spring and its apple blossoms had come and gone in New England, and the brig had long since been mourned as missing with all hands. It was on the 20th of June that the skipper and his companion — two hairy, ragged apparitions — saw three ships which appeared to be heading in their direction. This was in latitude 28° North and longitude 13° West, and if you will look at a chart you will note that the wreck would soon have stranded on the coast of Africa. The three ships, in company, bore straight down at the pitiful little brig, which trailed fathoms of sea-growth along her hull. She must have seemed uncanny to those who beheld her and wondered at the living figures that moved upon the weather-scarred deck. She might have inspired "The Ancient Mariner."

Not one ship, but three, came bowling down to hail the derelict. They manned the braces and swung the mainyards aback, beautiful, tall ships and smartly handled, and presently they lay hove to. The captain of the nearest one shouted a hail through his brass trumpet, but the skipper of the *Polly* had no voice to answer back. He sat weeping upon the coaming of a hatch. Although not given to emotion, he would have told you that it had been a hard voyage. A boat was dropped from the davits of this nearest ship, which flew the red ensign from her spanker-

gaff. A few minutes later Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger, able seaman, were alongside the good ship *Fame* of Hull, Captain Featherstone, and lusty arms pulled them up the ladder. It was six months to a day since the *Polly* had been thrown on her beam-ends and dismasted.

The three ships had been near together in light winds for several days, it seemed, and it occurred to their captains to dine together on board of the *Fame*. And so the three skippers were there to give the survivors of the *Polly* a welcome and to marvel at the yarn they spun. The *Fame* was homeward bound from Rio Janeiro. It is pleasant to learn that Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger "were received by these humane Englishmen with expressions of the most exalted sensibility." The musty old narrative concludes:

> Thus was ended the most shocking catastrophe which our seafaring history has recorded for many years, after a series of distresses from December 20 to the 20th of June, a period of one hundred and ninety-two days. Every attention was paid to the sufferers that generosity warmed with pity and fellow-feeling could dictate, on board the *Fame*. They were transferred from this ship to the brig *Dromio* and arrived in the United States in safety.

Here the curtain falls. I for one should like to hear more incidents of this astonishing cruise of the derelict *Polly* and also to know what happened to Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger after they reached the port of Boston. Probably they went to sea again, and more than

likely in a privateer to harry British merchantmen, for the recruiting officer was beating them up to the rendezvous with fife and drum, and in August of 1812 the frigate *Constitution*, with ruddy Captain Isaac Hull walking the poop in a gold-laced coat, was pounding the *Guerrière* to pieces in thirty minutes, with broadsides whose thunder echoed round the world.

"Ships are all right. It is the men in them," said one of Joseph Conrad's wise old mariners. This was supremely true of the little brig that endured and suffered so much, and among the humble heroes of blue water by no means the least worthy to be remembered are Captain Cazneau and Samuel Badger, able seaman, and Moho, the Indian cook.

JACK-ALL-ALONE

MORLEY ROBERTS

MORLEY ROBERTS, novelist and journalist, was born in London, December 29, 1857, and received his education in Owens College, Manchester. He has traveled extensively and written of many places. "Jack-All-Alone" is taken from his "Captain Balaam of the Cormorant."

AS it happened, I was the only passenger in the steamship *Hindoo*, and I found little entertainment in the company of her officers. The skipper was said never to open his mouth, except upon Sundays, when he preached furiously to the assembled crowd and promised them hell as a reward for their labours on the deep sea. He was a religious maniac, much in favour with the owners because he combined religion with honesty and an unequalled degree of meanness about stores. He was little, and of a pallor no sun could touch. He carried a hymn-book in his breast-pocket, and loose snuff in a side one. I found no comfort in him, and even less in the two mates. They were much married men with large families, and were subdued by the fear of losing their billets. They hung together and abused the skipper, and took no interest in the sea or any of its works. They pined for inland farms, where they would have been pelicans in a dry desert. I turned to the crew, and by dint of giving them tobacco and occasional nips of liquor overcame their distrust and shyness. For even though I had once been a seaman, that time was so far away that I had lost all look

of it. And even when they knew it, they took it for granted I had been an officer, which put me out of their range. It was only my loneliness and my low cunning with rare whisky that made me free of their company, and at last loosened their tongues. I often sat with them in the dog-watches and set them yarning when I could by yarning myself. But only one story that I heard remains in my memory. It remains, not so much by its strangeness as by the strange way it was told, and the difficulty I had in getting it told at all. It was one of the younger seamen that put me on the tracks of the man who had it to tell.

"Why don't you try old Silent for a yarn, sir?" he said one day, when I was on the fo'c'slehead with him on the look-out; "he that says nought could say a lot. He might open up with you. With us he's as close as a watertight compartment. But they do say in this vessel that he came out of one ship the honly survivor."

What can one do on board a lonely steamer where there is no one to talk to and nothing to read, and there are so many unoccupied hours in front of one? The days were grey, the sea was grey, and as flat as last year's news. I set out yarn-hunting, and went for old Silent, as they called him. I went for him warily. To ask him a question would be to cheat oneself of any expectation. I ceased to attempt to talk with him. But having fallen into his mood, I added to the compliment by giving him more tobacco on the quiet than I gave anyone else. I called him into my deck cabin, and gave him a drink of whisky without a word. He drank it without a word, wiped his lips, scraped a sort of bow, and withdrew.

He was a melancholy man, downcast, ragged-bearded, with a glazed yellow skin on his face, and shining scales upon the backs of his hands. His teeth were black with tobacco-chewing. His ears had been pierced for earrings, though he wore none. His eyes were deep-set, black; his mouth was a mere slit, his ears large and outstanding, like a couple of stunsails. He was obviously strong even yet. But he assuredly bore the marks of certain disastrous hours upon him, and his nerves betrayed him at times. I saw his hand shake when he lifted the drink to his lips.

"You've been through something, my friend," I said to myself. "I wonder what it is. It's not only 'D.T.'"

Life to my mind is a series of fights, and one is mostly knocked out. I could see that old Silent had been knocked out. Well, so had I, many a time, and his gloomy face appealed to me as a man of like disasters to myself. I saw (ay, and see) so many who seem to have no kind of insight into things. They are mere children, and one pities them as one does young recruits going to war. I've known men to die without suspecting it. For the most part, men live without suspecting any of the dangers, traps, pitfalls and disasters that surround them. There was an uneasy alertness at times in this old seaman's eye which suggested that he knew Death was close at hand. I watched him keenly enough, for I had a great curiosity about him. What was the story of this poor inhabitant of this strange globe? What had he in common with those who see through illusion, who can pierce the hollow earth and see the fires, who can foretell storms, who can scent immediate and irremediable death?

This was folly, no doubt. I was in a bad state of mind,

and had disaster behind me, and the shadow of it before me. There have been hours in many a man's life when the thought that he could end it was his only comfort. Without being in that state, my frame of mind was not wholly enviable, and I wanted some kind of help that I could not find. What was it that sent me to old Silent, if not the intuition that he had known worse than I?

We talked at last, at midnight, for I had found the clue to his heart in some inscrutable way beyond my knowledge. Perhaps he saw something in me that invited confidence. Oddly enough, strangers have often enough opened their hearts to me, when I least expected it. There is some deep necessity of confession in men's hearts, and in speech they compel sympathy — or at least they can plead their own cause.

"'Tis a black night, sir," said the old man, whose real name was Gilby, "'tis a black enough night."

He was on the look-out, and it was the first hour after midnight. I climbed up and stood beside him close against the windlass, which looked in the dark like a stiff, distorted corpse covered with merciful canvas. The heavens were low and there was not one star visible. Wind there was none, and the sea was a dulled plate of pale dark steel. What air blew on the fo'c'slehead we made ourselves. The cargo derricks on their platforms held watch with us: they looked diabolical and all alert. Under the straight stem of the *Hindoo* the sea hissed lightly like water escaping from a cock. The vibration of the engines was muffled for'ard; but it beat like a steady pulse.

"Ay, it's a very dark night," I answered, as I stood alongside him in the very eyes of her.

I glanced up at the mast-head light, and what glow came to me blinded me still more. But the light was a kind of comfort. And so were the side lights. One could believe with the Chinese that a vessel might see with painted eyes on the bow. Neither of us spoke a word for full ten minutes.

"You've been a seaman, sir?" he asked presently.

"Twenty years ago."

I went back twenty years, and was no more than a boy. Now was my "Twenty Years After." My old companions were dead or lost in the years.

"Twenty years you say, sir?"

There was something strange in his voice, an eagerness, a sharp pain.

"Full twenty," I answered, dreaming.

"When I was young it seemed as if a man would forget anything in twenty years, sir."

There were things one couldn't forget. I knew that, and I knew that here was an unforgetful heart of pain. My curiosity seemed most unworthy, and I was ashamed of it. But the old man spoke, and I knew he was not old.

"It's yesterday, sir," he said in a low voice, "and this very night in November twenty years ago! A dark night enough, and yet a strange light in it. Did you ever play Jack-all-alone at sea, sir? Was you ever by yourself at sea? That's the terror of the sea, sir. A sticky, wet, clammy terror. For we've mates in ships, even if we don't speak. Have you ever felt the big sea and the sky, sir, spread out and spread over for you alone?"

I had spent one night at sea alone in the English Channel in the fine but foolhardy game of single-handed

sailing. He brought it back to me now, and I sat in a little fifteen-foot cutter-rigged open boat in a great and gorgeous calm to the south and east of Dungeness Point. At sunset the wind failed and left me at the will of the tides. For a long hour the golden west was a wonder of fine colour, and the sky overhead a most heavenly pale blue. The low coast towards Romney was a faint dark line, submerged in the sea. Elms ashore looked like massed shipping; a church-tower was dark against the sunset. Dungeness Point glared over me, and I drifted on the last of the north-west curve of the tide into its red sector shining like blood on the lip of the moving water. An infinite and most infinitely deep silence oppressed and purified me. This was the purification of the ancient and immortal tragedy of the sea. I sat in a red flood and the day died. The piety of the great darkness buried the earth. Till midnight came I was alone and was nothing; a mere fleck of foam; I was all things; I was the world itself. Then a great fishing-smack drifted to me. I spoke to a dim shadow in the heavy shadow of great sails that hung motionless. I lost that voice again in the drifting of the tide and in a faint light air. Then at last the dawn broke, and the winking lights of land died down, and the day and the land arose, and I was no longer alone.

"I knew it for a night," I said. It is the rarest thing for any seaman to know. In this was his disastrous story. "How did it happen to you? Would it hurt you to tell me, or would it help?"

There was no more unworthy curiosity in me, and that I was purified of it he must have felt. For this was a man who could feel and remember. God's great gift of for-

getfulness is mostly given to the highest and to the lowest only. I drifted for a moment on my own sea of memory, and when I came back I heard him speaking. Those who have been long silent come some day to an hour of strange and easy speech.

"I and my brothers ——"

I heard his voice catch on the word and get over it with a bitter jar, as a vessel might slide over a shoal in uncharted waters. Yet he knew those waters of Marah well.

"We was in a rotten old steamer, sir, them and me. Jack was my elder, and a fine big chap, good as gold, and as brave and strong as a lion; a real seaman, such as one don't meet nowadays. He mostly sailed in wind-jammers, but he was one of those that like to see things, and he had a fancy to potter round the Mediterranean once in a way. He'd read a lot at sea one passage in a Green's ship that had a fair pile of books in her for the crowd for'ard, and he'd a fancy to see Italy and Greece. He'd talk by the hour of old Romans, and a strange character that was at Syracuse some time back; I disremember his name, but he was for science and arithmetic; and he knew the name of a score of Roman emperors quite pat; and he said once when he was at the port of Athens that a hill plain to be seen was the home of the gods in the days before Christianity came to the fore. He was a first-class man at whatever he took to, that he was, and might have been high up if he'd had a chance to be properly eddicated. And Billy, my young brother, was a fine boy of quite another guess sort. He cared for nothing but fun, and he was good-looking, and a rare youngster with his dooks. I've seen

him down a Dutchman twice his weight, and do it laughing. He was as bright as day, sir, bright as sunlight, and there we was, the three of us, in this rotten old tramp, built in the year one of steamships, and much the shape and size of a biscuit-tin, and not much to her that was better material. And so we mucked about the Mediterranean looking for cargo, like the sea-tramps we was, and every time it blew a capful of wind we had to turn her nose to it and keep bobbing. For if there was any kind of sea on the beam, she'd roll so cruel that our hearts was in our mouths. And Billy's joke was always the old sea-joke that she had rolled over in the night, and done it so quick that no one knew it. But, I own, she put the fear of God into most of us, and some of us got that narvous, we couldn't sit quiet unless there was a flat calm, and her just joggin' on ahead like an old hay-wagon. We went down from Barcelona with some sort of truck to Constant, and there Jack did talk a lot about emperors, and he was pleased as Punch to see things, saying that history grew rank thereabouts; and he would ask the old skipper about things dead and gone thousands of years, so that the old man, never liking to own he wasn't chock-a-block with knowledge, used to fidget like one o'clock, and get that cross with dodging 'twas a game to hear him. And then we went humping up the Black Sea, and brought out wheat from Ibrail, and we got stuck down at Sulina, and lightered her clear and had a holy time, so that Jack said making history in the wheat trade was no joke. And we came out from Constant for home. But home we never got, sir, and to say the truth, I've never been home since, and never shall go. Do you know the Mediterranean, sir? "

Did I know it? Even as he talked I had been thinking of Crete on our starboard beam at night, and of Etna right ahead at dawn, and the white cities of the Straits, of lava-bound Catania, of old historic Syracuse, of the sickle-shaped harbour of Messina, of high Taormina, and the day breaking in the hollows of the grey Calabrian hills. Then smoking Stromboli, a cinder peak of the seas. And afterwards singing, soaring Naples and atmospheric Capri sunk in sweet blue air. Oh, did I know it?

"Ay, I know it."

"We came up with Sicily, and went in by the Straits to drop some truck or another at Messina, and then out again to the north, and when we were near alongside Volcano, it was looking bad and grey and hard as it does when a Levanter threatens. The sea got up, and it was short and steep and hard, sir. And for a while we battered among the islands and Volcano smoking and, I dessay, Stromboli too, but the smother of the weather was too thick to see it. And I was on the look-out, as I am now, and Jack he was relieved at the wheel as I came up on the fo'c'slehead. He laughed up at me, and said, 'This top-heavy old hay-wagon will be doin' a roll directly.' And just as he went below, the skipper, who was as afraid of her as he had a right to be, turned her about and put her nose into the wind. There she stayed, uneasy and sawin' with her 'ead like a swell carriage-'orse. And they just went ahead with the old scrap-engines, and stayed so, reckoning to ride the gale out. And she rode it right through till night, and we three brothers 'ad supper and passed our jokes. And poor Billy was as bright a kid as ever — oh, I can think of things 'e said now."

He stopped speaking for a moment and dashed his fist on the rail.

"By God, it's twenty years ago, sir," he said, choking. "And old Volcano's smoking yet, like a giant's pipe in the dark, puff and glow, puff and glow. And that man-drowning tank we was in lies a thousand fathoms deep to the west of Volcano."

He didn't speak for a while, and when he did his voice was calmer.

"Don't think, sir, that I'd ha' complained of the common fortunes of the sea. Men are drowned, they go overboard, silent it may be, or they drop from aloft howling awful, and in the smother of a wreck when the sea's a wild beast, it's the lot of men to go. I've seen fire at sea, sir, and death in many shapes, sudden and slow, killing and fever. But the way my brothers died — why, sir, I held their hands and couldn't save 'em, held their hands and couldn't see their faces. Jack-all-alone, seamen say! I was Jack-all-alone, while they cried out to me!

"You can reckon, sir, that such a craft, such a rotten, shaky, scrap-heap hooker, such a thing that oughtn't to have been outside a river, wasn't over well found. And those that had the finding of 'er 'ad to make a bit of stealage. 'Alf the skippers and engineers of such takes their lives in their 'ands not for the pay, but for the bit of a make. And yet I'd not think it possible for the engineer to 'ave bin in the oil racket that came out that night. They was short of oil in Constant and got some aboard from a rotten Levantine Greek with a Harmenian for partner, and it was bad oil enough, to be sure. But the worst was that some o' the drums was a quarter oil and the rest

water. And I, being on deck after supper, caught on to what the chief engineer said to our skipper. He came up running, and went on the bridge.

" ' Cap'en, most o' that oil was water, and the oil's that bad the bearin's are overwarm. Can't I stop 'er? '

" ' Stop 'er! ' says the old man. I knew that voice; 'e was that narvous of his old tank. ' Why, man, if we stop 'er, she'll roll over! '

" The seas was 'eavy, my word, considering where we was. She plunged and shooked and creaked like a kicked tin can.

" ' I'm edgin' of 'er in under Volcano,' says the skipper. ' I want more steam, not less.'

" ' By God, you can't 'ave it,' said the engineer, as desperate as you like.

" ' Play the 'ose on your blasted bearin's,' pipes the skipper, with a voice like a bo'son's whistle.

" ' I'm playin' it,' says the other.

" ' Then you know what to do,' squeaks the old man.

" And the engineer comes down tearin' 'is very beard. And I was took with a kind of shiver, which was curious seeing that mostly sailormen never gives a damn what 'appens till the worst opens its mouth for 'em. I went down into the fo'c'sle and looked at Jack fast asleep, and Billy under 'im. There was only four of us for'ard, and they two was the starboard watch. That was the last time I saw more of 'em than their 'ands. I went on deck again, never wakin' 'em. And then I 'eard the engineer on deck again.

" ' I'll 'ave to stop my engines,' he cried, ' or if I don't they'll stop theirselves. There's three bearin's sizzling,

and the white metal's running, and the engine-room's full o' steam from the 'ose playin' on 'em.'

"'You can't stop,' said the skipper. And the wind blew like a blast out of a pipe; it squealed, and she stopped a'most dead.

"'Give us a quarter of an hour,' says the old man, and he puts the second mate alongside of him. 'Call the 'ands, and rig up a sea-anchor.'

"And that was too late, for there was a crack below, and a man screamed, and the engineer bolted for his hole. But the engines stopped right there, and the nose of 'er paid off, and she lay in the trough of the sea, and rolled once, and rolled twice. And she went over to windward till you'd 'ear everything crack, and then she rolled over to loo'ard. Would she ever stop! I see the old man slide away down the bridge, squealin', and the second mate pitched off his feet, and I gave a yell and climbed up on the weather rail, and old Volcano glared red over us to the nor'ard. And she was crank, and was never meant for the sea, and she 'ad 'eavy useless spars and derricks that overweighted 'er, and her grain was in bulk, and not too much of it. And the wind got hold of her, and she never stopped. I 'eard the old man yell again, and the sea rose up against him, and the sleeping mate was screamin' in his berth with a jammed door. And then I was Jack-all-alone, scramblin' with bleedin' fingers up a rotten wet iron slope, and I stopped when I 'ad 'old of 'er very keel. And then I 'eard an awful rip and a tearing, and a boom under my feet, and I reckoned the 'ole of 'er engines dropped through her deck, and maybe the boilers exploded, for she gave a 'eave on the sea that made me

sick, and I 'ung on with my nails, and I found myself cryin' out 'Billy' and 'Jack,' and I was mad that hour. Ay, I was mad, and I beat upon the black and weedy iron of the plates underneath me. I was warm to think I was saved, and I was a coward, and I shook and trembled and nigh slipped off as the old scow wallowed. 'Twas most 'orrible to be 'earin' warm and livin' men speakin' one moment, to be among 'em, and them talkin', and to see the warm light, and to 'ear the thump, thump, of the engines, and the crackin' and creakin' of the old *Red Star*, and then to be all alone, Jack-all-alone, 'and in 'and with death, 'ove up not on an 'alf-tide rock as the thing beneath me looked, but a rotten old steamer turned turtle, and like to slip away from me any moment. And as I 'owled to myself, and saw the white water run up and lip at me like open-mouthed sharks, I saw the red light of Volcano away high up, and the light was like the wink of a light 'ouse blinded in a fog. And the sight of the land, or where the land was, maddened me, and I cried like a child with weakness. 'Twas most 'orrible, sir, and weakness took me so, that I slipped and nigh lost 'old of the keel. But I climbed up again desperate, and findin' a bolt worked out, I 'itched my belt to it and 'ung on.

"And then I 'eard a sound that made my 'eart stop beatin'. 'Twas as if someone was usin' an 'ammer on iron, and I knew that there was someone alive inside of the *Red Star*, cooped up under 'er keel and shut into a tomb. And I cried, 'You can't get out, you can't get out, mates!' so that my voice made me afraid. For 'twas a scream and like no voice I'd ever 'eard. But I scrambled along the keel and came to where the 'ammerin' was, and

then I knew that they was Jack or Billy, or maybe both, and I beat with my fists on the plates, and I bled, but didn't know it, and I prayed all the plates was as rotten as we believed. But they wasn't that bad, and they was iron and iron bolted, and I'd nought but a knife, and what they was workin' with inside I couldn't tell. And they was in foul 'eavy air, and in the blackest dark. I prayed and I cursed, and I beat again, and someone 'eard, for they knocked three times regular and three times again, and to answer I beat with the 'eft of my knife. And then they worked awful, and there was bitter times when they rested, and in the cold of the Levanter and the wetness of the flyin' spray I sweated like a bull, and then I was as cold as ice. And in an 'our or more, there was some sign that what they did was tellin' on the plate they worked on. For all of a sudden I 'eard a strange sound like the 'issing of steam blowin' off. 'Twas the compressed air inside that kept the wreck afloat comin' sharp out of a bit of a crack. And I knew that every second she'd sink more and more, and I seemed to see that unless the plate came off quick, they'd only die the quicker for tryin' to escape. And I called to 'em, but they 'eard nothin', only knowin' that a man was above 'em. And I got my knife under the plate and the blade broke. I worked sobbin', and all the time I was talkin'. 'Twas madness, plain and to be 'eard, and then I felt a smash into the iron, and the end of a splice bar came through it, and the air screamed up under me, and I knocked again three times, and they knocked three times, and I screamed out, 'Billy! Jack!' and the poor chaps 'eard me. Jack's voice came to me like a voice out o' the grave, thin and eager, and all of a scream, —

"'Tom — Tom!'

"That was me! Oh, the sea at my cold feet, and the sound of the wind, and the red pulsin' of Volcano, and the round 'ump of the *Red Star* 'ove out o' the sea like the bulk of a dead whale, and under me my brothers. There's brothers don't love each other!

"I screamed, —

"'Work — work!'

"And the sea crawled up to me, or so it seemed, and the thick air spurted up at me that was their life. And they broke out a bit more, and 'twas an 'ole a man's 'and could come through. And they stopped, so that I cried again to 'em. I 'eard Jack plain.

"I'm about done, lad!'

"'Where's Billy?'

"I beat on cold and ragged iron.

"'He's here,' said Jack, 'but the air's too bad for him.'

"I bade him give me the bar, and I worked outside like a mad one. But they'd struck the only rotten spot, and I couldn't get edge or claws of the bar under the plate. 'The water's risin',' said Jack. He put 'is poor 'and out, and I took it. Sir, I didn't think there was a God then! And the sea lipped at me, and the *Red Star* wallowed, and there was red on the edge of the lipping waves from a big glare of Volcano.

"'I've no purchase to get an 'old out 'ere,' I said. And still the 'ot thick air came up, foul as could be. And Jack took the bar and dropped it. There's a strange weakness comes over one breathin' such air. I 'eard 'is voice again, —

"'The bar's deep in water, I can't feel it.'

"Then he lifted Billy, and Billy put 'is 'and out.

"'She's sinkin', Tom,' said Billy. 'E spoke like a chap in a dream and the water was to my feet as I sat across the keel. And I felt the boy's strength give, and I 'eld 'is 'and tight. But neither him nor Jack spoke again, and the boy struggled dreadful. And presently 'er bows was deeper than 'er stern, and I felt water inside of 'er, and I knew they was dead. And I 'ad an 'old of the boy's 'and, and me cryin' and shriekin' out I don't know what. Then 'e slipped away, and I was all awash. And I floated off and took 'old of a big bit of gratin', and the old *Red Star* 'eaved up 'er stern a bit, and then went down. And I lay till dawn on the gratin', no sensible man, but crazy, and old Volcano winked at me, like a red flare in a fog. And I dreamed of sailin' in a ship, with Jack captain as 'e meant to be some day, being given to larnin', and at daybreak a fishin' craft took me into Messina."

I walked the deck of the fo'c'slehead with him for many long silent minutes. Then someone struck two bells aft, and he struck it on the big bell at the break of the fo'c'slehead. Then he walked for'ard alone. He called to me after a minute.

"Do you see a light on the port bow, sir?" he asked me.

"I see it, Gilby."

"That's Volcano, sir."

He reported it to the officer on the bridge.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

J. Walker McSpadden

J. (Joseph) Walker McSpadden, born May 13, 1874, in Knoxville, Tennessee, was educated at the University of Tennessee. Though engaged in editorial work since the time of his graduation, he has nevertheless found time to write numerous volumes of stories and synopses. Among his works are "Shakespearean Synopses", "Synopses of Dickens' Novels", "Stories of Robin Hood", and "Stories from Wagner", from which "The Flying Dutchman" is taken.

MANY years ago a bold Dutch captain named Vanderdecken sailed the Southern ocean with a picked crew of hardy fellows. For months he traded in various ports until he grew exceedingly prosperous. The hold of his ship became so heavy with gold that the vessel set deep in the waves. Then Vanderdecken grew tired of his voyaging. He pictured to himself the joys of a cosy little home — such as his gold would buy — presided over by a loving wife. So he set all sail around the Cape of Good Hope, eager to reach his beloved Holland and bid the sea farewell.

But the Cape of Good Hope is ill-named, so mariners say, and it proved ill hope for Vanderdecken. A furious storm arose beating him directly in the face and keeping his ship from rounding the point of land. Again and again he turned his prow in the teeth of gale, and tried to tack against it, but without success. Finally he became enraged and swore a fearful oath that he would sail around the Cape if it took him till doomsday.

The Evil Spirit heard this oath and laughed maliciously. He resolved to hold the captain to his word, and keep him sailing the ocean until the end of the world. So he cast a spell upon the whole crew by which they could not die and their ship could not sink. Year in and year out they were compelled to sail wearily without ever reaching their journey's end. The ship grew crazy and worm-eaten, but still never sprang a leak. The sails were kept unharmed through magic, and in the course of time they became as red as blood, as though all the life had been drawn from the hearts of the ghostly mariners who grew old and grizzled and shrivelled. They came to long for death, but all in vain would they face the gales with all sails set, or steer straight upon the angry reefs. On and on must they voyage, and but one ray of hope was left them. Their captain — who alone kept his youthful look — was told that if he could find a woman who would love him and be faithful until death, the curse would be removed. Once in every seven years he was permitted to land; but if he found no one to become his wife, he was obliged to set sail again upon his weary voyage.

Time after time Vanderdecken sought for the one who would save him, but without success. His strange appearance and the tales told of his "Phantom Ship," as it was called, daunted the bravest. All the maidens shuddered when he approached, for did not their fathers and sweethearts say that of all ill omens this black ship with its blood-red sails was the worst? It was always met in a storm or before some great disaster. Sailors would cross themselves as they told how it would be met driving furiously before a gale, and how the spectral crew would hail them and ask

where they were — pretending to have lost both chart and compass. Then they would ask leave to send a package of messages and letters home by them; and without waiting for a reply, the ancient-looking sailors would row over in a battered boat, caring naught how high the seas ran. After they left their letters and rowed back, the Phantom Ship would plunge onward, while the wind whistled through its rigging. The sailors with whom the letters were left would perforce try to deliver them, for though it was deemed unlucky to take them it was still more unlucky to keep or destroy them. But no one to whom they were addressed was ever found, though often the old parish records would show there *had* been people of that name two hundred or, maybe, three hundred years before.

So the quest of the Phantom Ship passed into a proverb, and many were the tales told of its captain. He was known far and wide as the Flying Dutchman, and in the gloom of some gathering storm seamen spoke of seeing his pale face peering anxiously over the low prow of his black ship, seeking a way around the Cape of Good Hope. While at sunset, when the last rays tinged the dancing waves with ruddy glory, the children on the strand would be shown the Flying Dutchman's blood-red sail.

THE DEMON-SHIP

THOMAS HOOD

THOMAS HOOD, born in 1799, was a humorist by force of circumstances. As he himself declared, he had to be "a lively Hood for a livelihood." His fame was largely based on his skill in raising punning to a high art. Woven into his humor, however, were strands of pure pathos to which readers' heart-strings always vibrated. One of his works most characteristic of this strain is his "Song of the Shirt." He died in 1845.

'TWAS off the Wash — the sun went down — the sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim:
Titanic shades! enormous gloom! — as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!
Down went my helm — close reef'd — the tack held freely in my hand —
With ballast snug — I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee — my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!

What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged
steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the
wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
And where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night — they turned to white, and cast against
the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's
shroud: —
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise — ten billows heap'd in
one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, roll-
ing fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turned its hugeness
to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face —
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse — and down it rush'd — an avalanche of
brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and
home;
The waters clos'd — and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd be-
low the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed —
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

. . . . . .

"Where am I? — in the breathing world or in the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound —
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watched alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own?

Oh, never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursèd night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams —
Hyenas — cats — blood-loving bats — and apes with hateful stare —
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls — the lion, and she-bear —
Strong enemies with Judas looks, of treachery and spite —
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banished by the light!

Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from
their tombs —
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms —
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all ag-
hast, —
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the
mast!
His cheek was black — his brow was black — his eyes and
hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable
mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked
beneath,
His breast was black — all, all was black, except his grin-
ning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the
inky waves!

" Alas! " I cried, " for love of truth and blessed mercy's
sake!
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dread-
ful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that
beguil'd
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,
My mother dear — my native fields, I never more shall
see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea! "

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern —
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce —
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole: —
" Our skins," said he, " are black, ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields —
For this here ship has pick'd you up — the *Mary Ann* of Shields! "

PIRATE *v.* SHARK

J. E. Patterson
(*1866–1919*)

AT Mangalore four of our native seamen left. In their place came a foul-visaged, cross-eyed, lath-like specimen of his kind, in the prime of life; one who had probably spent the greater part of his existence in robbery afloat and ashore — he and three others, three scoundrels in lesser degree. He turned out to be their chief, shorn of whose leadership they lacked nerve and resource enough to act for themselves.

We left that port with some coal and a fill-up of general cargo for Negapatam and other ports up the bay. One dark night, some fifty miles south of Cochin, he was caught putting over the lee-bow a partially-shrouded signal light to their pirate-confederates on shore — as we subsequently knew the light to be. His three more immediate companions in crime remained unobserved in the darkness, and — as was afterwards found out — scuttled away, and were unsuspected of complicity in this affair until their villainous leader had treated us to his unique bid for freedom and possession of the brig. A smart breeze, and a stand of serviceable Sniders distributed amongst our whites, enabled us to keep the pirates off and get safely away. In the act of guiding his fellows, the chief had been knocked senseless by a big, keen, middle-

aged Irishman who acted as a carpenter-seaman; and who, along with a young American mate, made up our five white men. Paddy had happened to come barefooted from the below-deck fo'c'sle just as the light was going over the side, and knew what it meant. What this was to me I leave the reader to imagine, and hasten to relate the adventure which followed.

Without further mishap we fetched Cape Comorin, and were contentedly wasting the hours of a beautiful Sunday in dead calm. About four bells in the afternoon watch a big, ugly shark appeared some three fathoms off our port side, well aft. There he floated, lazily basking in the warmth, his dorsal fin now above the surface, now a hand's breadth below. It was sickening to see the cool devilishness of his insolent movements. Our Cingalese cook-steward threw several lumps of coal at him, as the fin stuck up high and dry, yet he took small notice of them. The mate was for baiting a shark-hook with a lump of fat pork, the skipper for trying a Snider bullet on him. But our pirate saw in him a way of escape from the penal establishment of Andaman — and a prize to boot, if his plot proved successful. He, still ironed, was secured by a line close to the port rail; this was so that he should not fall sick and cheat justice by a too narrow confinement below, nor elude his proper deserts by a leap over the side. He had watched the shark a while, listening to the skipper and mate above him. When they spoke of catching or shooting the fish, he asked to be allowed to fight it with a sheath-knife — freedom to be his reward if he won; if he lost — well, in that case he pointed out that he would be off their hands and give them no further trouble.

It was a novel and a daring suggestion. Hardened though the skipper was, this offer took all the wind out of his mental sails and set him in a verbal calm. The thought never entered his head that underlying it all was a devilish trick, a purpose that meant death to every white man aboard. The mate said he had heard of blacks fighting sharks as a common thing, and very rarely getting the worst of the battle. Perhaps, he said, this fellow had many a time done the same thing. It certainly seemed to be no more to him than a bout with the fists would be to the average A.B.

At last sanction was given, and the news flew through the brig. Every man fore and aft dropped the thing in hand, most of them to watch the fight, but three for a more sinister reason. Those who had been asleep leapt on deck, and the sheath-knives of all hands were brought to a muster. Of these the man was allowed to make his choice, and the one selected was put on the grindstone. Meanwhile the gladiator was prepared by being cast adrift from the rail and having his leg-irons taken off. The skipper brought out a Snider and put a ball-cartridge into it, at the same time telling the pirate that the bullet was for him should be attempt any such tricks as running amok when he had the knife and stood free.

Five minutes later the man, completely stripped, was on the rail, covered by the skipper's Snider. His wrist-irons were off; the knife was in his hand, and his opponent still basked idly near the surface about six fathoms away. It was to be a fight to the death, or driving the shark off completely — so we, in our ignorance of the plot afloat, were given to understand. The human antagonist had

been permitted to grease himself with pork-fat from heel to crown, in order that the water might offer less resistance to his movements — in itself that fat was a most clinching proof of his hopelessly renegade condition, for he was a Mohammedan. Not a tremor marked him in face or limb. He was playing for a big stake, much bigger than we thought. Old at the frightful game or new at it, going to his death between those triple rows of horrible teeth or to victory and freedom, he fully won the silent applause of every white man there — even although he had attempted to give us over to the merciless hands of his kind.

The end of a brace had been lowered to the water's edge, and the brace was belayed to a pin in the rail. Down this line the pirate slid. Every man crept to the rail and craned his neck over it, forward of all else being the three compatriots of the shark-fighter. Owing to them having held themselves generally aloof from the rest of their shipmates, and to the fact that crews usually go in cliques, we did not think their actions strange — did not even notice them now, so much was our attention fascinated by the enthralling scene before us. Yet we afterwards called the matter to mind and saw its special why and wherefore. The challenger entered the water without causing the least noise. Just before his head went in he took the keen six-inch blade from his mouth, and it was at that brief instant we saw the set, grim look on his dark, ugly, greasy face. Then down he sank. He was gone so long that we thought he had drowned himself. Never was man more wronged! Whilst we were thus watching, we saw the shark's little pilot fish darting excitedly about his

master's great head. But the eighteen-footer merely came a few yards nearer to the brig. Perhaps content in his superiority of size, strength, and mastership, he lay there, barely moving. Then the captain raised the rifle to give him a repentant bullet, but lowered it again without doing so — we the while hardly cognizant of the act, so absorbed was every pair of eyes that could get above the rail.

How those seconds dragged! In our minds we had wished the shark-fighter an everlasting good-bye, deeming him a clever fellow to have escaped the Andamans in such a manner. Then came a hurried whisper, "He's there!" Ere the news could be passed fore and aft, we saw the upward flash of a black body and a gleaming knife in the blue water directly under the shark; they seemed to have been driven up by some powerful force. The next moment the shark shot clear into the air, like a porpoise or a flying-fish. As he went, blood dyed the surface under him, and we saw there was a great wound in his stomach. The pirate appeared above the water, gasping, yet only for about half-a-minute. He moved into the clearer, stiller water farther off, where he again disappeared. We watched here, there, everywhere, within a cable's length, but did not have long to wait.

"Here he comes!" shouted the mate, silence being now out of the question.

There they were, scarcely three fathoms away. At the moment in which we saw them, the shark was in the act of diving, and his great cross-ended tail was out of the water, showing on one side a gash that had reached the backbone. Plainly the pirate's intention now was to bleed

the fish to death by tapping the spinal artery, and in the meantime rob him of his second-best weapon. Before we could wonder whether the shark would turn or go under us he had dived, leaving the panting gladiator at the surface of the terrible waters. Now it was that the three other pirates were missing from the place they had occupied just abaft the fore-rigging. Not that we knowingly missed them. Our conception of the matter was merely by way of instinct; we knew it vaguely yet correctly, as was afterwards proved when the affair was discussed in detail.

"Throw him a line!" cried the captain, willing to spare the man further risk.

There was a rush to obey the order, but ere a line could be thrown the pirate was off into quieter water, the better to see his foe returning to the attack — should he come.

There the man remained for some minutes, now sinking to reconnoitre, then on the surface filling his lungs, never still; for in quietude now lay his greatest danger. We were thinking and hoping that the finned tiger had been beaten, when the cook gave a warning cry that he was coming back. There he was, rising slowly, as if almost spent — as well he might be; but the tiger of the seas dies a terribly hard death, as all deep-water seamen know. We again gave the shark-fighter notice of his adversary's return and the details of it, never dreaming that our shouted warnings were so many signals of preparation to the swarthy scoundrels who were even then making ready to send us hurrying prematurely into eternity. The shark-fighter struck off for the brig's head. So fast a swimmer was he, that in a very few minutes after disappearing

forward he had passed along the starboard side and rounded the vessel's stern to take the dying shark in the rear.

Bang! rang out a rifle from we knew not where, and the mate, standing in the fore-starboard corner of the poop, gave a cry of pain and gripped the rail at his side. For all we knew or could imagine to the contrary the bullet might have come from the still, inflexible blue overhead. Instantly a newer, a madder, a more desperate hurly-burly began, in which the pirate in the water, together with his vanquished foe, was forgotten. All, actuated by one impulse, one thought, one question, sprang about and inboard. Every man amongst us stared wildly and stupidly at his fellows. That was no time to particularize as to actions.

"Mutiny!" yelled the skipper, spasmodically bringing his Snider from the deck and making to put the butt to his shoulder. As he raised the weapon, however, a second report cracked on the still air. The rifle was knocked aside, he spinning half-around with it. A bullet, intended for his breast and all too well-aimed, had struck the barrel, glancing off to expend itself in the smooth waters of the ocean. At such times men see things rapidly — see everything within the radius of sight. We saw a musket-barrel poking out of the cabin skylight and behind it the face of one of the three bronzed, lithe-limbed scoundrels who had shipped with the more daring shark-fighter at Mangalore. The cabin-door — opening under the break of the poop and on to the main-deck — was almost closed, and in the narrow space left peeped a similar face and another rifle-barrel. Last of all, we saw the chief villain of them

all making swift, silent strokes for the brig. Here ended our half-stupefied inaction.

"Stop dat coolie vrom poarding again! Shoot him, knife him, brain him — anyt'ing you can — but keep him off-poard!" shouted the skipper, then sent a bullet crashing at the face in the skylight.

The wounded mate groaned an even more eloquent desire to the same end. But there was no need for either request to be made. The big Irishman grabbed up a large loose block from the deck and sent it hurtling at the head of the swimming pirate. The missile struck its intended object; but, unfortunately, instead of striking his head and sending him insensible after his late enemy, it thudded on his shoulder. Human frog that he was, he promptly dived, the gleaming knife still in his right hand, instinctively prepared for any further watery foes. Not to be outdone by this, Paddy as quickly seized a marline-spike and sprang to the side. Then he fell to the deck, giving vent to a howl of pain. An ill-directed bullet from the cabin-doorway had whizzed across my chest, ricochetted, and made a furrow in the calf of his leg. Momentarily I felt that the protecting hand of my mother was near me.

All this time there came the intermittent crack, crack, crack of rifles from the enemy's stronghold. Fortunately, however, for our party, the men were too new to the weapons to do more than chance-damage. Had it been otherwise with them, we should certainly have been picked off like flies. High above the firing we heard the skipper's shouted orders, the majority of which were strenuously and incontinently disregarded, for we were busy seeking places of refuge. At this awkward moment the young

mate saved the situation. He had found that his wound was only a flesh one in the muscle of his left arm, and bound it up with his torn shirt, as Paddy was doing with his hurt.

Seizing a handy marline-spike, the mate swung himself off the corner of the poop and on to the rail, then noiselessly to the deck. There, with his gaze fastened on the musket-barrel poking out of that slit in the cabin-doorway, he crept along, almost flat, to the bulkhead. The instant he was within striking distance, he crashed the thick end of the spike down inside the door-jamb, at the full length of his arm, his side actually touching the barrel of the Snider at that moment. It was chance-work, but gloriously successful. The blow had knocked a hole in the top of the native's head, and in a second the mate had jerked out the Snider, drawn the door to, and barred it on our side by putting the musket-barrel through the big brass ring and crossing it outside the jambs.

Not knowing how he could give additional help, and incidentally thinking that another bullet from the skylight might prove unhealthy to himself, the skipper had leapt amidships. There, with a high meat-safe at his back, forming a barrier between him and the skylight, he turned his attention to other things, the foremost of which was the shark-fighter. The latter, having come to the surface after Paddy's effort to brain him, was making a *détour* — so the skipper afterwards told us — to get in under the stern, over which he probably thought he could climb unperceived, and thus get to the help of his confederates — not that we then looked on them as acting in concert. To us the whole affair was inexplicable, beyond a fugitive

notion that the mutineers had seized an opportune moment. On the shark-fighter the skipper suddenly opened fire, seemingly to good effect, for the swimmer disappeared. We thought that the fellow had been shot and gone down. Matters afterwards proved that he had merely dived, unhurt by the shot.

Scarcely had the mate secured the door when he shouted for help and something to make the fastening more certain. Within a minute we were all there, except the skipper. An iron bar, previously used by the cook as a poker, took the place of the Snider; to this was added the additional security of a piece of light chain passed through the ring, hauled taut, and made fast to a rail opposite. Whilst this had been in progress the pirates had not proved idle, for bullets thudded into the other side of the solid, three-inch-thick oak obstacle. The captain, now at the mate's instigation, kept the skylight covered with his Snider.

The mutineers were now as so many rats in a trap. Yet what were we to do with them? They had all our stores, the skipper's charts, etc.; and even with a fine, fair wind we could not make port under several days. Still, there was something to be done — the wounded required attention, and got what could be given in that way. Whilst this was being done we heard two shots from the poop, and soon afterwards learnt that they were fired at another head in the skylight and at the shark-fighter. During the interval the latter had, by aid of the rudder-chains and Heaven only knows what agility, climbed up to the stern rail, over which our vigilant skipper had seen his ferocious head appearing, the formidable knife be-

tween his teeth. The shot, however, sad to relate, had failed to make the desired impression, and the pirate deemed discretion the better part of valour by returning (we could only suppose) to the shoulder of the rudder and its accommodating chains.

Now came a general and fairly exhaustive reconnoitre of our position, the only new important result being the disconcerting discovery that we had but four more cartridges left for the Snider, the skipper having casually dropped a handful into his jacket-pocket when bringing the weapon on deck. Two men were told off to keep a sharp look-out over the brig's sides, by the break of the poop, lest the pirate under the stern should vacate his hiding-place and try the hazard of a swim forward. Then followed a low-toned, hurried discussion of ways and means, the outcome of which was a decision to venture a *coup de main* on the skylight. This consisted of tearing out the front of the teak-wood hen-coop — the birds being given a temporary roosting place in the fo'c'sle — and making it into a kind of box large enough to fit over the skylight. To get it there and into position then became the one engrossing topic. Every man had a method of his own, and for a time superiority of rating mattered but little. However, after the mate had lumped the advice together and selected its most promising ingredients, the coop was made portable by attaching to the back of it three enormous cleats, by means of which three men could move the thing along in front of them. But how were we to get it on the poop? By dint of repeated effort in the use of main running-gear our improvised trap-hatch was hoisted up, caused to swing fore and aft, and

then dropped — at the risk of breaking it — on the poop-deck. Thence three volunteers half pushed, half carried it before them to its intended place. It received two bullets on its way, the skipper sending one crashing into the skylight by way of return, his shot being followed by a howl of pain from inside. As the skipper said, when the thing had been securely lashed in its place, it fitted beautifully, "like a shoreman's Sunday go-to-meeting claw-hammer coat."

The next two things to be done were the effectual barricading of the cabin-door and a careful search for the prime cause of all our trouble — the shark-fighter. The latter was undertaken by the captain himself, and consisted of an extremely stealthy creep along the port side of the poop and round the stern, the Snider ready in his hand; but the searched-for one was no longer in evidence. The two men who had kept watch over the brig's sides were certain that he had not passed from under her stern. We began to surmise that the fellow's strength had given out and that he had tumbled into the sea and been drowned. Then the supple-limbed cook-steward (probably remembering some of his own monkeyish tricks) suggested that he for whom we so anxiously sought might have entered the cabin by the stern-window — the brig, owing to her antiquity, possessing that evidence of other days. At this we collectively gasped. If the pirate should be in with his confederates, as we now began to think them, we should have to 'look sharp and act ditto.' And if one man had gone in, what was to prevent all four of them coming out under the cover of darkness, fully armed, and shooting us down like so many dogs?

Again the mate saved us, this time even more effectually. Without a word to the skipper, he said in his hearty fashion, "Come along, boys, I guess we'll square the yards of these black scoundrels!" There and then he ran forward, with us at his heels. He quickly made his intention plain. A large bundle of sacks, mats, and old rope was secured as a parcel in canvas and firmly fastened to the middle of two pieces of stout line. This was borne aft and hauled, as an outspreading and thoroughly effective bung, into the cabin stern-window, the four ends of the two lines attached to it being used as lanyards to hold it in its place, two stretched along the port side and two along the starboard.

The officer whispered something to the skipper, then turned to us again. "Now, boys," he said, "come along; just one more trump-card and this game will be ours." Gladly we followed him, feeling that we had here a commander worthy of our service. His purpose on this occasion was not so rapidly made evident, and he was not the kind of man to sap one's interest by letting the cat out of the bag too soon. After procuring two large augers from the carpenter's chest, together with some oil and lights, we descended into the main-hold, where, under his direction, we worked our way aft over the cargo. When we were under the cabin he stopped, and there set two of us to work boring holes through the deck above — holes which would have their upper openings in unobserved parts of the cabin-floor. He strictly enjoined a liberal use of oil on the augers, and having seen the men well started he left us.

We began to think that we had been neatly let in for

the most dangerous part of the work, when the officer returned. The next five minutes laid bare his intention, which was, as he said, to 'sulphurize' the blacks in the trap above. With him he had brought all the necessary materials for this purpose — iron pots, sulphur, charcoal, trays on which to stand the pots, and (conclusive proofs of his inventiveness and resource) two large tin funnels to fit over the fires and conduct the deadly fumes into the cabin — all having come from the paint-locker and the carpenter's shop. Matters were quickly arranged, the fires lighted, and we scuttled on deck, replacing the main-hatch and its tarpaulin after our exit. Now there was nothing to do but to await results, the most alert watcher of all being the skipper, who stood on the port quarter with his Snider trained on the improvised bung in the stern-window.

How those minutes did drag! What a pain expectancy became! It seemed as if each second was a slender thread weighted at its end by eternity — to us, an eternity of dread, dread of we knew not what. There was no more shooting, and we could not understand the silence. I believe we would rather have had the pirates break out and get amongst us with their knives and Sniders than have had that awful strain continued indefinitely. We grew hungry without knowing that we were so, until the mate made us acquainted with the fact by appearing from the galley munching a biscuit and some cold salt beef. A few seconds later we were all busily stuffing ourselves with whatever odd scraps of eatables the galley could produce. Ten minutes afterwards there was not a mouthful of edible food outside the cabin occupied by the mutineers.

At last there came signs that the enemy within was awaking to the fact that a disturbing element was penetrating into their midst. These signs consisted of batterings — most probably with the butt of a musket, that, fortunately, being the best implement they had for such a purpose — on the cabin-door, then under the hen-coop, the only two places, besides the stern-window, at which they could effect an exit. Other signs were made up of shouts, and some shots at the timbered barriers to their egress. We began to fear that they would discover where and how our subtle friend was getting in to them, and stop up the holes. To set doubts at rest on this point it was necessary for some one to go down into the hold and ascertain. Owing to the fumes, which we could not prevent escaping from the primitive fire-ranges, this was, if not a dangerous, at least a very unpleasant duty. Yet the lively genius of our mode of attack tied a wet sock about his mouth and nostrils and essayed the task himself, asking for no volunteer. When he returned it was with the happy report that the operations below were still going on and doing well. We then busied ourselves in examining the outside of the cabin to see if any fumes were escaping. After some quiet attention to the sides of the cabin-door we effectually closed up all the outlets save one — a small opening under the stern-window, at which we could not get.

The afternoon was now wearing on apace. We began to wonder if the night would close in on us before a change occurred in our conditions. Naturally, speculations were rife as to how long it would take the sulphur-fires to fill the cabin with vapour. Each man brought to bear some recollections of fumigations, consequent on

quarantine. The brief tropic twilight came down and cut these short by necessitating a closer vigilance. Then night gathered round us, and an anchor-light was hung over the stern in such a manner as to show if anything happened to the immense plug in the stern-window. About an hour after this the expected occurred. The bundle of sacks and ropes, etc., was seen to be agitated. Some one was hacking at it on the inside. The captain, his nerves evidently drawn to high-tension-mark, levelled his Snider carefully at the bundle. Presently it fell away, and out of the aperture came the shark-fighter, about his mouth a white cloth — probably saturated with water obtained in the cabin. The light from the globular lamp shone on his evil face, making it appear like that of an enraged fiend. As a wild cat after prey he snatched at the rudder chains and got a grip of them with one hand; in the other we saw the knife with which he had slain the shark. This was the critical moment for the skipper, who knew it and discharged one of his remaining cartridges. He missed, but the climber, most likely startled by the shot, almost lost his hold and dropped the knife in a wild effort to keep himself from falling. Not an instant later, and over the taffrail he bounded, mad desperation marking his face and movements. Without a moment's pause he tore along the poop, leapt down to the main-deck, and rushed forward — at his heels every one of us, each man with some kind of weapon, the skipper fumbling his last charge into the Snider, and Shells endeavouring to brain the villain with a hand-spike. Without any further opposition he mounted the fo'c'sle, literally ran out along the bowsprit and plunged into the sea. We never saw him again.

Throughout the night we waited, hungry, wishing with

all our might for dawn. When it came care was expended in opening the cabin-door, the skipper standing by with his one remaining cartridge for any pirate who chanced to have fight left in him; but it was not needed. We found the three stretched helpless, and forthwith dragged them out to the open deck, there to find two of them dead. From the other, who slowly revived, and was ironed before he had strength enough to do any harm, we learnt that they had been in touch all through with the shark-fighter, and that the latter's mad battle in the water had been a preconcerted affair, done to draw away our attention whilst the other three took possession of the cabin and the Sniders. The breeze which sprang up on that day soon cleared the sulphur fumes from the cabin and once more made it habitable. On that day, also, the two dead pirates were sent, sans any touch of ceremony and with no waste of canvas shrouds or sinking material, to the companions of that eighteen-footer which the ringleader had evidently done to death.

From "My Vagabondage"

SMOKED SKIPPER

W. W. Jacobs

W. W. (William Wymark) Jacobs was born in London, September 8, 1863. His education was obtained in private schools. He has traveled extensively and was in the Civil Service from 1883–1899. His short, humorous stories are largely cast among the men of the Thames waterside, and are about shipping and cargoes. "The Skipper's Wooing", "Many Cargoes", "A Master of Craft", and "Sea Urchins" from which "Smoked Skipper" is taken, are a few of his best-known books.

"WAPPING Old Stairs?" said the rough individual, shouldering the bran-new sea-chest, and starting off at a trot with it; "yus, I know the place, captin. Fust v'y'ge, sir?"

"Ay, ay, my hearty," replied the owner of the chest, a small, ill-looking lad of fourteen. "Not so fast with those timbers of yours. D'ye hear?"

"All right, sir," said the man, and, slackening his pace, twisted his head round to take stock of his companion.

"This ain't your fust v'y'ge, captin," he said admiringly; "don't tell me. I could twig that directly I see you. Ho, what's the use o' trying to come it over a poor 'ard-working man like that?"

"I don't think there's much about the sea I don't know," said the boy in a satisfied voice. "Starboard, starboard your hellum a bit."

The man obeying promptly, they went the remainder of the distance in this fashion, to the great inconvenience of people coming from the other direction.

"And a cheap 'arf-crown's worth, too, captin," said the man, as he put his chest down at the head of the stairs and thoughtfully sat on it pending payment.

"I want to go off to the *Susan Jane*," said the boy, turning to a waterman who was sitting in his boat, holding on to the side of the steps with his hand.

"All right," said the man, "give us a hold o' your box."

"Put it aboard," said the boy to the other man.

"A' right, captain," said the man, with a cheerful smile, "but I'll 'ave my 'arf-crown fust, if you don't mind."

"But you said sixpence at the station," said the boy.

"*Two* an' sixpence, captin," said the man, still smiling, "but I'm a bit 'usky, an' p'r'aps you didn't hear the two — 'arf a crown's the regler price. We ain't allowed to do it under."

"Well, I won't tell anybody," said the boy.

"Give the man 'is 'arf-crown," said the waterman, with sudden heat; "that's 'is price, and my fare's eigh-teen pence."

"All right," said the boy readily; "cheap too. I didn't know the price, that's all. But I can't pay either of you till I get aboard. I've only sixpence. I'll tell the captain to give you the rest."

"Tell 'oo? " demanded the light porter, with some violence.

"The captain," said the boy.

"Look 'ere, you give me that 'arf-crown," said the other, "else I'll chuck your box overboard, an' you after it."

"Wait a minute, then," said the boy, darting away up

the narrow alley which led to the stairs; "I'll go and get change."

"'E's goin' to change 'arf a suvren, or p'r'aps a suvren," said the waterman; "you'd better make it five bob, matey."

"Ah, an' you make yours more," said the light porter cordially.

"Well, I'm —— Well, of all the ——"

"Get off that box," said the big policeman who had come back with the boy. "Take your sixpence an' go. If I catch you down this way again ——"

He finished the sentence by taking the fellow by the scruff of the neck and giving him a violent push as he passed him.

"Waterman's fare is threepence," he said to the boy, as the man in the boat, with an utterly expressionless face, took the chest from him. "I'll stay here till he has put you aboard."

The boy took his seat, and the waterman, breathing hard, pulled out towards the vessels in the tier. He looked at the boy and then at the figure on the steps, and, apparently suppressing a strong inclination to speak, spat violently over the side.

"Fine big chap, ain't he?" said the boy.

The waterman, affecting not to hear, looked over his shoulder, and pulled strongly with his left towards a small schooner, from the deck of which a couple of men were watching the small figure in the boat.

"That's the boy I was going to tell you about," said the skipper, "and remember this 'ere ship's a pirate."

"It's got a lot o' pirates aboard of it," said the mate

fiercely, as he turned and regarded the crew, "a set o' lazy, loafing, idle, worthless ——"

"It's for the boy's sake," interrupted the skipper.

"Where'd you pick him up?" inquired the other.

"He's the son of a friend o' mine what I've brought aboard to oblige," replied the skipper. "He's got a fancy for being a pirate, so just to oblige his father I told him we was a pirate. He wouldn't have come if I hadn't."

"I'll pirate him," said the mate, rubbing his hands.

"He's a dreadful 'andful, by all accounts," continued the other; "got his 'ed stuffed full o' these 'ere penny dreadfuls till they've turned his brain almost. He started by being an Indian, and goin' off on 'is own with two other kids. When 'e wanted to turn cannibal the other two objected, and gave 'im in charge. After that he did a bit o' burgling, and it cost 'is old man no end o' money to hush it up."

"Well, what did *you* want him for?" grumbled the mate.

"I'm goin' to knock the nonsense out of him," said the skipper softly, as the boat grazed the side. "Just step for'ard and let the hands know what's expected of 'em. When we get to sea it won't matter."

The mate moved off grumbling, as the small fare stood on the thwarts and scrambled up over the side. The waterman passed up the chest, and, dropping the coppers into his pocket, pushed off again without a word.

"Well, you've got here all right, Ralph?" said the skipper. "What do you think of her?"

"She's a rakish-looking craft," said the boy, looking

round the dingy old tub with much satisfaction; "but where's your arms?"

"Hush!" said the skipper, and laid his finger on his nose.

"Oh, all right," said the youth testily; "but you might tell *me*."

"You shall know all in good time," said the skipper patiently, turning to the crew, who came shuffling up, masking broad grins with dirty palms.

"Here's a new shipmate for you, my lads. He's small, but he's the right stuff."

The new comer drew himself up, and regarded the crew with some dissatisfaction. For desperadoes they looked far too good tempered and prone to levity.

"What's the matter with you, Jem Smithers?" inquired the skipper, scowling at a huge fair-haired man, who was laughing discordantly.

"I was thinkin' o' the last party I killed, sir," said Jem, with sudden gravity. "I allers laugh when I think 'ow he squealed."

"You laugh too much," said the other sternly, as he laid a hand on Ralph's shoulder. "Take a lesson from this fine feller; he don't laugh. He acts. Take 'im down below an' show him 'is bunk."

"Will you please to follow me, sir?" said Smithers, leading the way below. "I dessay you'll find it a bit stuffy, but that's owing to Bill Dobbs. A regler old sea-dog is Bill, always sleeps in 'is clothes and never washes."

"I don't think the worse of him for that," said Ralph, regarding the fermenting Dobbs kindly.

"You'd best keep a civil tongue in your 'ed, my lad," said Dobbs shortly.

"Never mind 'im," said Smithers, cheerfully; "nobody takes any notice o' old Dobbs. You can 'it 'im if you like. I won't let him hurt you."

"I don't want to start by quarrelling," said Ralph seriously.

"You're afraid," said Jem tauntingly; "you'll never make one of us. 'It 'im; I won't let him hurt you."

Thus aroused, the boy, first directing Dobbs' attention to his stomach by a curious duck of the head, much admired as a feint in his neighbourhood, struck him in the face. The next moment the forecastle was in uproar and Ralph prostrate on Dobbs' knees, frantically reminding Jem of his promise.

"All right, I won't let him 'urt you," said Jem consolingly.

"But he *is* hurting me," yelled the boy. "He's hurting me *now*."

"Well, wait till I get 'im ashore," said Jem; "his old woman won't know him when I've done with him."

The boy's reply to this was a torrent of shrill abuse, principally directed to Jem's facial shortcomings.

"Now don't get rude," said the seaman, grinning.

"Squint-eyes," cried Ralph fiercely.

"When you've done with that 'ere young gentleman, Dobbs," said Jem, with exquisite politeness, "I should like to 'ave 'im for a little bit to teach 'im manners."

"'E don't want to go," said Dobbs, grinning, as Ralph clung to him. "He knows who's kind to him."

"Wait till I get a chance at you," sobbed Ralph, as Jem took him away from Dobbs.

"Lord lumme," said Jem, regarding him in astonishment. "Why, he's actooaly cryin'. I've seen a good many pirates in my time, Bill, but this is a new sort."

"Leave the boy alone," said the cook, a fat good-natured man. "Here, come 'ere, old man. They don't mean no 'arm."

Glad to escape, Ralph made his way over to the cook, grinding his teeth with shame as that worthy took him between his knees and mopped his eyes with something which he called a handkerchief.

"You'll be all right," he said kindly. "You'll be as good a pirate as any of us before you've finished."

"Wait till the first engagement, that's all," sobbed the boy. "If somebody don't get shot in the back it won't be my fault."

The two seamen looked at each other. "That's wot hurt my 'and then," said Dobbs slowly. "I thought it was a jack-knife."

He reached over, and unceremoniously grabbing the boy by the collar, pulled him towards him, and drew a small cheap revolver from his pocket. "Look at that, Jem."

"Take your fingers orf the blessed trigger and then I will," said the other, somewhat sourly.

"I'll pitch it overboard," said Dobbs.

"Don't be a fool, Bill," said Smithers, pocketing it, "that's worth a few pints o' anybody's money. Stand out o' the way, Bill — the Pirit King wants to go on deck."

Bill moved aside as the boy went to the ladder, and allowing him to get up four or five steps, did the rest for him with his shoulder. The boy reached the deck on all fours, and, regaining a more dignified position as soon as possible, went and leaned over the side, regarding with lofty contempt the busy drudges on wharf and river.

They sailed at midnight, and brought up in the early dawn in Longreach, where a lighter loaded with barrels came alongside, and the boy smelt romance and mystery when he learnt that they contained powder. They took in ten tons, the lighter drifted away, the hatches were put on, and they started once more.

It was his first voyage, and he regarded with eager interest the craft passing up and down. He had made his peace with the seamen, and they regaled him with blood-curdling stories of their adventures, in the vain hope of horrifying him.

"'E's a beastly little rascal, that's wot 'e is," said the indignant Bill, who had surprised himself by his powers of narration; "fancy larfin' when I told 'im of pitchin' the baby to the sharks."

"'E's all right, Bill," said the cook softly. "Wait till you've got seven of 'em."

"What are you doing here, boy?" demanded the skipper, as Ralph, finding the seamen's yarns somewhat lacking in interest, strolled aft with his hands in his pockets.

"Nothing," said the boy, staring.

"Keep the other end o' the ship," said the skipper sharply, "an' go an' 'elp the cook with the taters."

Ralph hesitated, but a grin on the mate's face decided him.

"I didn't come here to peel potatoes," he said loftily.

"Oh, indeed," said the skipper politely; "an' wot might you 'ave come for, if it ain't being too inquisitive? "

"To fight the enemy," said Ralph shortly.

"Come 'ere," said the skipper.

The boy came slowly towards him.

"Now look 'ere," said the skipper. "I'm going to try and knock a little sense into that stupid 'ed o' yours. I've heard all about your silly little games ashore. Your father said he couldn't manage you, so I'm goin' to have a try, and you'll find I'm a very different sort o' man to deal with to wot 'e is. The idea o' thinking this ship was a pirate. Why, a boy your age ought to know there ain't such things nowadays."

"You told me you was," said the boy hotly, "else I wouldn't have come."

"That's just why I told you," said the skipper. "But I didn't think you'd be such a fool as to believe it. Pirates, indeed! Do we look like pirates? "

"You don't," said the boy with a sneer, "you look more like ——"

"Like wot? " asked the skipper, edging closer to him. "Eh, like wot? "

"I forget the word," said Ralph, with strong good sense.

"Don't tell any lies now," said the skipper, flushing, as he heard a chuckle from the mate. "Go on, out with it. I'll give you just two minutes."

"I forget it," persisted Ralph.

"Dustman?" suggested the mate, coming to his assistance. "Coster, chimbley-sweep, mudlark, pick-pocket, convict, washerwom ——"

"If you'll look after your dooty, George, instead o' interferin' in matters that don't concern you," said the skipper in a choking voice, "I shall be obliged. Now, then, you boy, what were you going to say I was like?"

"Like the mate," said Ralph, slowly.

"Don't tell lies," said the skipper furiously; "you couldn't 'ave forgot that word."

"I didn't forget it," said Ralph, "but I didn't know how you'd like it."

The skipper looked at him dubiously, and pushing his cap from his brow scratched his head.

"And I didn't know how the mate 'ud like it, either," continued the boy.

He relieved the skipper from an awkward dilemma by walking off to the galley and starting on a bowl of potatoes. The master of the *Susan Jane* watched him blankly for some time and then looked round at the mate.

"You won't get much change out of 'im," said the latter, with a nod; "insultin' little devil."

The other made no reply, but as soon as the potatoes were finished set his young friend to clean brasswork, and after that to tidy the cabin up and help the cook clean his pots and pans. Meantime the mate went below and overhauled his chest.

"This is where he gets all them ideas from," he said, coming aft with a big bundle of penny papers. "Look at the title of 'em — *The Lion of the Pacific, The One-Armed Buccaneer, Captain Kidd's Last Voyage.*"

He sat down on the cabin skylight and began turning them over, and, picking out certain gems of phraseology, read them aloud to the skipper. The latter listened at first with scorn and then with impatience.

"I can't make head or tail out of what you're reading, George," he said snappishly. "Who was Rudolph? Read straight ahead."

Thus urged, the mate, leaning forward so that his listener might hear better, read steadily through a serial in the first three numbers. The third instalment left Rudolph swimming in a race with three sharks and a boatload of cannibals; and the joint efforts of both men failed to discover the other numbers.

"Just wot I should 'ave expected of 'im," said the skipper, as the mate returned from a fruitless search in the boy's chest. "I'll make him a bit more orderly on this ship. Go an' lock them other things up in your drawer, George. He's not to 'ave 'em again."

The schooner was getting into open water now, and began to feel it. In front of them was the blue sea, dotted with white sails and funnels belching smoke, speeding from England to worlds of romance and adventure. Something of the kind the cook said to Ralph, and urged him to get up and look for himself. He also, with the best intentions, discussed the restorative properties of fat pork from a medical point of view.

The next few days the boy divided between sea-sickness and work, the latter being the skipper's great remedy for piratical yearnings. Three or four times he received a mild drubbing, and, what was worse than the drubbing, had to give an answer in the affirmative to the skipper's

inquiry as to whether he felt in a more wholesome frame of mind. On the fifth morning they stood in towards Fairhaven, and to his great joy he saw trees and houses again.

They stayed at Fairhaven just long enough to put out a small portion of their cargo, Ralph, stripped to his shirt and trousers, having to work in the hold with the rest; and proceeded to Lowport, a little place some thirty miles distant, to put out their powder.

It was evening before they arrived, and, the tide being out, anchored in the mouth of the river on which the town stands.

"Git in about four o'clock," said the skipper to the mate, as he looked over the side towards the little cluster of houses on the shore. "Do you feel better now I've knocked some o' that nonsense out o' you, boy?"

"Much better, sir," said Ralph respectfully.

"Be a good boy," said the skipper, pausing on the companion ladder, "and you can stay with us if you like. Better turn in now, as you'll have to make yourself useful again in the morning working out the cargo."

He went below, leaving the boy on deck. The crew were in the forecastle smoking, with the exception of the cook, who was in the galley over a little private business of his own.

An hour later the cook went below to prepare for sleep. The other two men were already in bed, and he was about to get into his when he noticed that Ralph's bunk, which was under his own, was empty. He went up on deck and looked round, and, returning below, scratched his nose in thought.

"Where's the boy?" he demanded, taking Jem by the arm and shaking him.

"Eh?" said Jem, rousing. "Whose boy?"

"Our boy, Ralph," said the cook. "I can't see 'im nowhere. I 'ope 'e ain't gone overboard, pore little chap."

Jem refusing to discuss the matter, the cook awoke Dobbs. Dobbs swore at him peacefully, and resumed his slumbers. The cook went up again and prowled round the deck, looking in all sorts of unlikely places for the boy. He even climbed a little way into the rigging, and, finding no traces of him, was reluctantly forced to the conclusion that he had gone overboard.

"Pore little chap," he said, solemnly, looking over the ship's side at the still water.

He walked slowly aft, shaking his head, and looking over the stern, brought up suddenly with a cry of dismay and rubbed his eyes. The ship's boat had also disappeared.

"Wot?" said the two seamen, as he ran below and communicated the news. "Well, if it's gorn, it's gorn."

"Hadn't I better go an' tell the skipper?" said the cook.

"Let 'im find it out 'isself," said Jem, purring contentedly in the blankets. "It's 'is boat. Go' night."

"Time we 'ad a noo 'un, too," said Dobbs, yawning. "Don't you worry your 'ed, cook, about what don't consarn you."

The cook took the advice, and, having made his few simple preparations for the night, blew out the lamp and sprang into his bunk. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation, and getting out again fumbled for the matches and

relit the lamp. A minute later he woke his exasperated friends for the third time.

"S'elp me, cook!" began Jem, fiercely.

"If you don't, I will," said Dobbs, sitting up and trying to reach the cook with his clenched fist.

"It's a letter pinned to my pillow," said the cook in trembling tones, as he held it to the lamp.

"Well, we don't want to 'ear it," said Jem. "Shut up, d'ye hear?"

But there was that in the cook's manner which awed him.

> "Dear Cook," he read, feverishly, "I have made an infernal machine with clockwork, and hid it in the hold near the gunpowder when we were at Fairhaven. I think it will go off between ten and eleven to-night, but I am not quite sure about the time. Don't tell those other beasts, but jump overboard and swim ashore. I have taken the boat. I would have taken you too, but you told me you swam seven miles once, so you can eas ——"

The reading came to an abrupt termination as his listeners sprang out of their bunks, and, bolting on deck, burst wildly into the cabin, and breathlessly reeled off the heads of the letter to its astonished occupants.

"Stuck a wot in the hold?" gasped the skipper.

"Infernal machine," said the mate; "one of them things wot you blow up the 'Ouses of Parliament with."

"Wot's the time now?" interrogated Jem anxiously.

"'Bout ha'-past ten," said the cook, trembling. "Let's give 'em a hail ashore."

They leaned over the side, and sent a mighty shout across the water. Most of Lowport had gone to bed, but the windows in the inn were bright, and lights showed in the upper windows of two or three of the cottages.

Again they shouted in deafening chorus, casting fearful looks behind them, and in the silence a faint answering hail came from the shore. They shouted again like madmen, until, listening intently, they heard a boat's keel grate on the beach, and then the welcome click of oars in the rowlocks.

"Make haste," bawled Dobbs vociferously, as the boat came creeping out of the darkness. "W'y don't you make 'aste? "

"Wot's the row? " cried a voice from the boat.

"Gunpowder! " yelled the cook, frantically; "there's ten tons of it aboard just going to explode! Hurry up! "

The sound of the oars ceased and a startled murmur was heard from the boat; then an oar was pulled jerkily.

"They're putting back," said Jem suddenly. "I'm going to swim for it. Stand by to pick me up, mates," he shouted, and lowering himself with a splash into the water struck out strongly towards them.

Dobbs, a poor swimmer, after a moment's hesitation, followed his example.

"I can't swim a stroke," cried the cook, his teeth chattering.

The others, who were in the same predicament, leaned over the side, listening. The swimmers were invisible in

the darkness, but their progress was easily followed by the noise they made. Jem was the first to be hauled on board; and a minute or two later the listeners on the schooner heard him assisting Dobbs. Then the sounds of strife, of thumps, and wicked words broke on their delighted ears.

"They're coming back for us," said the mate, taking a deep breath. "Well done, Jem!"

The boat came towards them, impelled by powerful strokes, and was soon alongside. The three men tumbled in hurriedly, their fall being modified by the original crew, who were lying crouched up in the bottom of the boat. Jem and Dobbs gave way with hearty goodwill, and the doomed ship receded into the darkness. A little knot of people had gathered on the shore, and, receiving the tidings, became anxious for the safety of their town. It was felt that the windows, at least, were in imminent peril, and messengers were hastily sent round to have them opened.

Still the deserted *Susan Jane* made no sign. Twelve o'clock struck from the little church at the back of the town, and she was still intact.

"Something's gone wrong," said an old fisherman, with a bad way of putting things. "Now's the time for somebody to go and tow her out to sea."

There was no response.

"To save Lowport," said the speaker, feelingly. "If I was only twenty years younger ——"

"It's old men's work," said a voice. The skipper, straining his eyes through the gloom in the direction of his craft, said nothing. He began to think that she had escaped after all.

Two o'clock struck, and the crowd began to disperse. Some of the bolder inhabitants who were fidgety about draughts closed their windows, and children who had been routed out of their beds to take a nocturnal walk inland were led slowly back. By three o'clock the danger was felt to be over, and day broke and revealed the forlorn *Susan Jane* still riding at anchor.

"I'm going aboard," said the skipper suddenly; "who's coming with me?"

Jem and the mate and the town policeman volunteered, and, borrowing the boat which had served them before, pulled swiftly out to their vessel, and, taking the hatches off with unusual gentleness, commenced their search. It was nervous work at first, but they became inured to it; and, moreover, a certain suspicion, slight at first, but increasing in intensity as the search proceeded, gave them some sense of security. Later still they began to eye each other shamefacedly.

"I don't believe there's anything there," said the policeman, sitting down and laughing boisterously; "that boy's been making a fool of you."

"That's about the size of it," groaned the mate. "We'll be the laughing-stock o' the town."

The skipper, who was standing with his back towards him, said nothing; but, peering about, stooped suddenly, and, with a sharp exclamation picked up something from behind a damaged case.

"I've got it!" he yelled suddenly; "stand clear!"

He scrambled hastily on deck, and, holding his find at arm's length, with his head averted, flung it far into the water. A loud cheer from a couple of boats which were

watching greeted his action, and a distant response came from the shore.

"Was that a infernal machine?" whispered the bewildered Jem to the mate. "Why, it looked to me just like one o' them tins o' corned beef."

The mate shook his head at him, and glanced at the constable, who was gazing longingly over the side. "Well, I've 'eard of people being killed by *them* sometimes," he said with a grin.

THE LAST BUCCANEER

LORD MACAULAY

LORD MACAULAY (Thomas Babington), English historian, essayist and politician, was born at Rothby Temple, Leicestershire, October 25, 1800. He is chiefly noted for his "History of England", over 140,000 copies of which were sold within a generation of its first appearance. Lord Macaulay died in 1859.

THE winds were yelling, the waves were swelling,
The sky was black and drear,
When the crew with eyes of flame brought the ship without a name
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

"Whence flies your sloop full sail before so fierce a gale,
When all others drive bare on the seas?
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy Salvador,
Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?"

"From a shore no search hath found, from a gulf no line can sound,
Without rudder or needle we steer;
Above, below our bark, dies the sea-fowl and the shark,
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

"To-night there shall be heard on the rocks of Cape de Verde
A loud crash and a louder roar;

And to-morrow shall the deep, with a heavy moaning, sweep
The corpses and wreck to the shore."

The stately ship of Clyde securely now may ride,
In the breath of the citron shades;
And Severn's towering mast securely now hies fast,
Through the sea of the balmy Trades.

From St. Jago's wealthy port, from Havannah's royal fort,
The seaman goes forth without fear;
For since that stormy night not a mortal hath had sight
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD

HENRY GILBERT

TO most people the name of Captain Kidd carries with it all the romance connected with pirates and piracy. It conjures up visions of a reckless sea-rover who, flying the 'Jolly Roger' at the peak of his swift frigate, pursues for some glorious years his wicked trade of levying toll from rich, fat nabobs on passing East Indiamen. At last, retiring to a lonely island in tropic seas, he there orders three of his men to dig a hole in some secluded spot wherein to conceal ironbound chests containing ill-gotten gains. When these have been let down, with a few shots from his pistol he slays the men who are filling in the hole, and buries their bodies where they fall above his secret hoard.

It is a pity to have to record that, so far as such visions relate to the Captain William Kidd known to history, they are utterly without basis in fact. Kidd was far from being the typical pirate. He seems to have begun the voyage which ended in his undoing with intentions which were quite honourable, and it was only ill-luck, the murmurs of a mutinous crew, and favourable opportunity which forced him to do those things which branded him as a pirate and brought him to the gallows.

It was in 1695 that a ship was launched at Deptford called *The Adventure Galley*. She was chartered by

highly placed people to scour the West Indian seas in order to put down pirates, and at the same time to enrich her owners with the plunder taken from the pirates themselves. It is stated that the owners included King William himself but, however this may be, it is certain that Lord Bellamont, then Governor of Barbados, and Lords Romney and Shrewsbury, were among the capitalists who had stakes in this hazardous little investment, which at the same time was of such doubtful morality.

Casting about for a suitable commander to place in charge of *The Adventure Galley*, Bellamont bethought him of a man whom he had met in the West Indies, named Captain Kidd, or Kid, who had commanded a privateer in those seas, who knew the haunts and habits of the pirates, and who, moreover, had the reputation of being a good seaman and a bold leader. To give the affair a legal appearance, the King's commission was procured for Kidd, whereby "our trusty and well-beloved Captain William Kid," was given "full power and authority to apprehend, seize, and take into custody, certain wicked and ill-disposed persons, to wit, Captain Thomas Too, John Ireland, Captain Thomas Wake, and Captain William Maze, or Mace," who had associated themselves for the purpose of committing "many and great piracies, robberies, and depredations on the seas upon the ports of America, and in other ports, to the great hindrance and discouragement of trade and navigation, and to the great danger and hurt of our loving subjects," etc., etc.

It was at the end of April 1695 that Kidd sailed out of Plymouth Harbour, having under him a crew of eighty men. His ship carried thirty guns and was well found in

every respect. All things, indeed, promised well. He proposed, in the first instance, to sail to New York. On the way he took a small French ship, which, on arrival at New York, was declared to be a lawful prize, and the proceeds from this enabled Kidd to add to his stores. He also engaged a larger crew, and when he left New York he had a hundred and fifty-five men on board. They were a rough and reckless company, for they were employed, not on a wages basis, but on the principle that each should be entitled to a share of whatever booty was taken.

Nine months after he left Plymouth Kidd arrived at Madagascar, where was the hunting-ground of pirates who preyed on the growing East India trade. But misfortune dogged him from the beginning. He could find no pirates in the seas about Madagascar, and no better success attended him when he extended his cruise to the coast of Malabar. Meanwhile his crew became discontented by reason of the continued non-success, and sickness also came among them. Fifty of them died from cholera within the first year. Added to this, the ship had become foul and leaky, and the stores were giving out. It is pretty evident that in the last few months of this period Kidd had a difficult task to keep his men under control, bitterly disappointed as they were.

By commission other than that empowering him to fight and seize pirates, Kidd was authorized to capture French ships. Just about this time he came up with a vessel which looked like a trader. Kidd hoisted French colours, whereupon the trader ran up a similar flag. When the vessels had approached each other, Kidd hailed the stranger in French, and was answered in the same language. On this

Kidd ordered the captain to come aboard, whereupon it turned out that the master was a Dutchman, but that the ship belonged to native owners. The man who had replied to Kidd's challenge in French was a Frenchman, but only a passenger. Kidd told the latter that he would have to seize the cargo, and that he, the Frenchman, would have to consider himself to be the captain. Kidd's motive in acting this way was obvious. He did not wish to do anything which was illegal, but his failure to capture a prize and the grumblings and mutinous spirit of his men forced him to get possession of some booty or other. By seizing the cargo of the native-owned vessel under the colour of the ship's being French he satisfied his men and salved his conscience, though it was by means of a falsehood.

Some time afterward they came up with a Dutch vessel. The appetite of Kidd's men had been whetted by the money they had received from the sale of their first prize, and they stood talking together when they saw the Dutch ship, and were for attacking her. One of them, named Moore, a gunner, was deputed to urge the captain to seize the Dutchman, and he went up to Kidd and told him that the men thought that the ship ought to be taken, seeing how empty-handed they were after more than a year at sea.

"Go back to your place," replied Kidd. "I am no pirate and I will not become one for any of you."

"But, Captain," said the other, "you need not fire a shot. I have a plan for taking her that will save your reputation and yet satisfy the men. For you must remember that in this matter you must allow us to have a voice, seeing that we stand to lose so much. This is my plan. Get

the captain of the Dutchman aboard us, and make him sign an affidavit that you have not taken his vessel. Let us go aboard her and take enough to satisfy the men, and then leave her."

"I will do nothing of the kind," replied Kidd. "Get on deck and let me hear nothing more of it."

Moore went away in a sullen humour, and Kidd, going on deck soon afterward, found many of the men gathered about the long-boat, preparing to swing her out.

"What does this mean?" he cried, striding toward them.

The men gave him black looks; then one or two murmured: "If you can't take what's offered you, we will."

"I tell you, you mutinous dogs," cried Kidd angrily, "that if any of you launch that boat and go to that ship, not one of you shall come aboard this vessel again, for I'll shoot you when you come alongside."

The men hung back at this, rage and baulked cupidity flushing their faces. Kidd walked toward the wheel and told the man there to keep the ship a point or two away from the Dutchman. He saw the men about the long-boat gradually break up, talking in groups, but they now seemed to have no design to go after the other vessel. As time went on it was evident that Kidd's refusal rankled in the minds of the men, who went about their work slowly, and whenever they looked at him it was with angry eyes, and lips which muttered curses or abuse. The atmosphere for three days was electrical, and the situation culminated in a tragedy.

On the afternon of the third day Kidd passed by where Moore, the gunner, was standing upon the deck, talking

in low tones with one of the other men. Their talk ceased as the Captain came up to them, and their looks darkened. This irritated Kidd, who felt that he could no longer brook the mutinous spirit abroad.

"That plan of yours," said Kidd, "do you think it would have saved your fool's neck from the rope?"

"What plan, sir?" replied the other, insolently pretending ignorance. "I never had a plan or spoke to you of a plan."

"You lying rascal!" shouted Kidd. "Is that your scheme now?"

"And if I am a lying rascal," retorted the other, "you've made me so. You have brought me to ruin and many others of us."

"Have I ruined you, you dog?" roared the Captain, completely losing control of himself. He looked about for a weapon, seized a wooden bucket standing by, and as Moore dodged to get away, he swung it round and hit at the man. It fell full upon his skull, and the fellow went down like a log.

"Here, carry this fool to his bunk," said Kidd to the men standing near. "A little blood lost will bring him to his senses."

But Moore never recovered consciousness, and the first mate came to Kidd next morning to tell him that the man was dying. Indeed, Moore died during the day, and a gloom sank upon the ship, which did not lift for some days after the body, sewn in a hammock, and weighted with a shot, had been launched to its grave in the sea.

The net result of this incident was to cause Kidd to realize that the men were in a dangerous mood, which

might lead to open mutiny unless he found something to satisfy them. Ill-fortune favoured him, for a little time after they fell in with a trading vessel, the *Quedagh Merchant*, which Kidd chased. Having come up with her, he found there were two Dutchmen aboard and one Frenchman, all the rest being natives. To quiet his conscience and to give a legal justification to his action, he seems to have taken again the view that the finding of a Frenchman aboard made the ship a French prize. He seized the vessel.

There was a very rich cargo on board the *Quedagh Merchant*, and after Kidd had put the crew and passengers ashore at different parts of the coast he sold off a large portion of the goods, realizing by this nearly ten thousand pounds. As favourable opportunities offered he disposed of the whole cargo, and when the division of the profits was made, each man's share came to two hundred pounds, Captain Kidd's proportion being about eight thousand pounds, the number of shares falling to him being forty.

Soon afterward Kidd, having placed some of his men on the prize, sailed for Madagascar, where he fell in with a pirate ship named the *Resolution*, commanded by Captain Culliford. Kidd proposed to seize this vessel under his commission, but, on broaching the design to his men, they demurred, and on pressing it they threatened to mutiny and to shoot him. Culliford and his men appear to have expected nothing less than capture at the hands of Kidd, and were agreeably surprised when he and his men fraternized with them.

Kidd's vessel was now so leaky that he had to keep the

pumps going almost continually. He therefore shifted all his guns and stores to the *Quedagh Merchant*, making a division among his men of all the cargo which remained. He now proposed to return and render an account of his expedition to the wealthy men who had fitted him out, but when the crew learned of this most of them left him, not caring to return to humdrum methods of existence. A good many joined the pirate Culliford, while others strayed off into Madagascar. Kidd was left with about forty men.

With these he sailed for New York, where Lord Bellamont, the chief of Kidd's friends, was now Governor. Kidd hoped to be received with favour, seeing that, after all, he had brought back a very good return for the money laid out upon the expedition. Greatly to his surprise, however, as soon as he came to anchor he was boarded and seized, together with all his papers and effects. His crew were also imprisoned, and as soon as a ship was ready to sail to London all of them were sent there to stand their trial at the Old Bailey.

It is evident that Kidd's irregular proceedings in the Eastern seas had raised up powerful enemies against him, but as he had been sent out by other equally powerful friends, and as persons in high places had found the capital for his expedition, it was sought to punish him without bringing to light the names of those who were associated with him in the enterprise. His doings on the Indian seas had frightened the merchants trading there, and they caused questions to be asked in Parliament, and some investigations were accordingly made into the commissions which had been given to him. The result of all this was

to incense Lord Bellamont and the other highly placed men against Kidd, since investigations made them appear to be aiders and abettors of a man whose dealings were very like those of a pirate.

In May 1701 Captain Kidd and nine of his crew were brought to trial at the Old Bailey. All of the accused were found guilty except three, who proved that they were apprentices and therefore not free agents. There were two trials. At the first the men were charged with acts of piracy on the high seas, but it appears that Kidd was charged only with the murder of the gunner, Moore. This was in order to prevent him going into the question of his commissions, whereby he might have been able to make some very awkward revelations as to the noble lords who had been behind him.

Kidd admitted that he had killed Moore, but he pleaded that he had been greatly provoked, and that, in any event, he was captain at the time, and if he had not dealt severely with the man the condition of affairs might have ended in open mutiny. The trial was a one-sided affair. Kidd had had all his money taken from him, so that he had none to enable him to fee counsel to plead on his behalf, nor was he permitted to use the ship's papers, for these had also been taken from him. It was evident that the dice were heavily loaded against him. He had offended his noble friends very deeply in his efforts to gain a good return for them, for his actions had stirred up enmity against them in other influential quarters, and to avoid disclosures which would prejudice their honour and reputation, his once good friends, now his bitterest enemies, were resolved that he should die.

In the second trial Kidd was charged with acts of brigandage on the high seas, but he answered that he went out in a laudable employment and had not committed any acts of piracy, having taken French vessels only, as he was empowered by one of his commissions to do. He called one Colonel Hewson to speak as to his reputation, and this man gave him an excellent character. The Colonel stated that Kidd had served under his command, and had been in two engagements with him against the French, in which he fought as well as any man he ever saw; that Kidd had also engaged a French captain who had a squadron of six sail under his command, while Kidd had but one ship. But these things had happened several years before the present unhappy business, and only indicated to the respectable minds of the jury that a brave man could become a villain, if opportunity offered.

When sentence of death was passed upon him and his companions, Kidd said: "My lord, it is a very hard sentence. For my part I am the innocentest person of them all, but I have been sworn against by perjured wicked people."

Even at the end the wretched business of hanging was bungled. The rope by which Kidd was being hanged broke, and he fell to the ground, still alive. He and his six fellow prisoners were hung at Execution Dock. The names of the others were Nicholas Churchill, James How, Gabriel Loff, Hugh Parrot, Abel Owen, and Darby Mullins. Execution Dock was situated in a dirty and gloomy portion of Wapping. Originally the gallows were erected at low-water mark, and the bodies of malefactors were left hanging until the tide had washed over them three

times, when they were cut down. In the seventeenth century, however, the gallows were removed above low-water mark, and the bodies of sea-rovers who had been executed were suspended in chains on high gibbets along the shores of the Thames, as a reminder to all sailormen coming and going on the river that they should obey their captains and not go a-pirating.

Such was the fate of Captain Kidd and his six companions. For many years their bodies, hung in iron cages to keep the dried flesh and bones together, swung and twisted at the end of the chains in winter rains and summer sun, a perpetual horror beyond the gloomy mud-banks of the river.

From "The Book of Pirates"

THE OLD SUPERB

Sir Henry Newbolt

Sir Henry (John) Newbolt was born June 6, 1862. He was knighted in 1922, and in 1923 was made Official Naval Historian of England. For twelve years he practised law, then turned to the editorial management of various publications. He has written both prose and poetry, among his works being "Taken from the Evening", "Mordred", "Admirals All", and "Poems New and Old" from which "The Old Superb" was taken.

THE wind was rising easterly, the morning sky was blue,
The Straits before us opened wide and free;
We looked towards the Admiral, where high the Peter flew,
And all our hearts were dancing like the sea.
"The French are gone to Martinique with four-and-twenty sail!
The Old *Superb* is old and foul and slow,
But the French are gone to Martinique, and Nelson's on the trail,
And where he goes the Old *Superb* must go!"

So Westward ho! for Trinidad and Eastward ho! for Spain,
And "Ship ahoy!" a hundred times a day;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way!

The Old *Superb* was barnacled and green as grass below,
Her sticks were only fit for stirring grog;
The pride of all her midshipmen was silent long ago,
And long ago they ceased to heave the log.
Four year out from home she was, and ne'er a week in port,
And nothing save the guns aboard her bright;
But Captain Keats he knew the game, and swore to share the sport,
For he never yet came in too late to fight.

So Westward ho! for Trinidad and Eastward ho! for Spain,
And "Ship ahoy!" a hundred times a day;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way!

"Now up, my lads!" the Captain cried, "for sure the case were hard
If longest out were first to fall behind.
Aloft, aloft with studding sails, and lash them on the yard,
For night and day the Trades are driving blind!"
So all day long and all day long behind the fleet we crept,
And how we fretted none but Nelson guessed;
But every night the Old *Superb* she sailed when others slept,
Till we ran the French to earth with all the rest!

Oh, 'twas Westward ho! for Trinidad and Eastward
ho! for Spain,
And "Ship ahoy!" a hundred times a day;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way!

THE DUNRAVEN: A Q-BOAT EPISODE

Sir Henry Newbolt

TO these men there was now but one thing wanting — to show their greatness in adversity: and Fortune that could deny nothing to Gordon Campbell, gave him this too. Less than two months after the *Pargust's* action he was at sea in the Special Service ship *Dunraven*, disguised as an armed British merchant vessel, and zigzagging at eight knots in rough water. A submarine was sighted on the horizon two points before the starboard beam; but the zigzag course was maintained, and the enemy steered towards the ship, submerging about twenty minutes after she was first seen. Twenty-six minutes later she broke surface on the starboard quarter at 5000 yards, and opened fire. Captain Campbell at once ran up the white ensign, returned the fire with his after-gun, a $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounder, and ordered the remainder of the crew to take 'shell cover.' He also gave directions for much smoke to be made, but at the same time reduced speed to seven knots, with an occasional zigzag, to give the U-boat a chance of closing. If he had been the merchantman he seemed, he could in all probability have escaped. He was steaming head to sea, and the submarine's firing was very poor, the shots nearly all passing over.

After about half an hour the enemy ceased firing and came on at full speed. A quarter of an hour later he

turned broadside on, and reopened fire. The *Dunraven's* gun kept firing short, intentionally, and signals were made *en clair* for the U-boat's benefit, such as "Submarine chasing and shelling me" — "Submarine overtaking me. Help. Come quickly!" — and finally, "Am abandoning ship." The shells soon began to fall closer. Captain Campbell made a cloud of steam to indicate boiler trouble, and ordered "Abandon ship," at the same time stopping, blowing off steam, and turning his broadside so that all he did should be visible. To add to the appearance of panic, a boat was let go by the foremost fall on its side. The pirate (thoroughly confident now) closed, and continued his shelling. One shell went through *Dunraven's* poop, exploding a depth-charge and blowing Lieutenant Charles Bonner, D.S.C., R.N.R., out of his control station. After two more shells into the poop, the U-boat ceased fire again and closed. He was 'coming along very nicely' from port to starboard, so as to pass four or five hundred yards away. But in the meantime, the poop was on fire, clouds of dense black smoke were issuing from it and partially hiding the submarine. It was obvious to Captain Campbell that since the magazine and depth-charges were in the poop, an explosion must soon take place. He was faced with the choice of opening fire through the smoke, with a poor chance of success, or waiting till the enemy should have got on to the weather side. He decided to wait, trusting his men as faithfully as they were trusting him.

The U-boat came on, but all too slowly. She was only just passing across *Dunraven's* stern when the dread explosion took place in the poop. The 4-inch gun and gun's

crew complete were blown into the air. The gun landed forward on the well deck, and the crew in various places — one man in the water. This was a misfortune that might well have broken their captain's heart — the submarine had only to steam another 200 yards, and he would have had a clear sight and three guns bearing on her at 400 yards range. Moreover, the explosion had started the " Open fire " buzzers at their guns; and the gun on the bridge, which was the only one then bearing, had duly opened fire. The U-boat had already started to submerge, alarmed by the explosion; but it was thought that one hit was obtained on the conning-tower as he disappeared.

Captain Campbell's heart was not broken, nor was his natural force abated. Realizing that a torpedo would probably come next, he ordered the doctor, Surgeon-probationer Alexander Fowler, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., to remove all wounded and lock them up in cabins or elsewhere, so as not to risk detection in 'the next part.' He then turned hoses on to the flaming poop, where, though the deck was red hot, the magazine was apparently still intact and dangerous. At the same time he remembered that a man-of-war had answered his signal for assistance when the explosion took place; and being determined on trying for a second fight, he now signalled to this ship to keep away, as the action was not yet ended. She not only kept away, but kept the ring, by deflecting traffic while these invincibles fought the pirate to a finish.

The torpedo came at last, from a point about 1000 yards on the starboard side, and it struck abaft the engine-room. Captain Campbell at once ordered a second " Aban-

don Ship" or "Q abandon ship," as he called it; for by it he was professing to completely abandon a ship whose disguise had been detected. He left his guns visible, and sent a second party of men away on a raft and a damaged boat. The poop continued to burn fiercely, and 4-inch shells exploded every few minutes. The submarine put up her periscope and circled round at various ranges, viewing the position cautiously. After forty minutes she broke surface directly astern, where no gun would bear on her, and shelled the *Dunraven* at a range of a few hundred yards. Nearly every shot was a hit, but some fell near the boats. Two burst on the bridge and did much damage.

In another twenty minutes the enemy ceased firing and again submerged. Captain Campbell had now no resource left but his torpedoes, of which he carried two — one on each side. He fired the first as the U-boat steamed past the port side at 150 yards — too short a range for certainty of depth. The bubbles passed just ahead of the periscope, and the enemy failed to notice it. He turned very sharply round the ship's bow and came slowly down the starboard side at three knots. The second torpedo was then fired, but the bubbles passed a couple of feet abaft the periscope. This was cruelly hard luck, for the maximum depth was on; but there is no doubt that this torpedo, like the other, must have leaped over, from being fired at so close a range.

This time the enemy saw his danger, and instantly submerged. Captain Campbell had now lost his last chance of a kill, and was bound to signal urgently for assistance. He did so; but in case the U-boat reappeared to torpedo or shell again, he arranged for some of his remaining

men to be ready to jump overboard in a final panic, leaving still himself and one gun's crew to fight a forlorn hope. This last extremity was not reached. The U.S.S. *Noma* arrived almost immediately and fired at a periscope a few hundred yards astern until it disappeared. Then came two King's ships, the *Attack* and *Christopher*. Boats were recalled, the fire extinguished, and everything on board having now exploded, arrangements were made for towing. For twenty-four hours the *Christopher* bore her burden like a saint. Then the weather began to tell upon the half-dead ship, and sixty of her crew and her wounded were transferred to the trawler *Foss*. The next night the sea claimed the *Dunraven* in unmistakable tones. The *Christopher* came alongside and brought off her captain and the rest of her crew; and when she rolled end up, gave her a gunshot and a depth-charge, to take her to her last berth.

In reporting the action, Captain Campbell brought specially to notice the extreme bravery of Lieutenant Bonner and the 4-inch gun's crew. "Lieutenant Bonner, having been blown out of his control by the first explosion, crawled into the gun-hatch with the crew. There they remained at their posts with a fire raging in the poop below, and the deck getting red hot. One man tore up his shirt to give pieces to the gun's crew, to stop the fumes getting into their throats; others lifted the boxes of cordite off the deck to keep it from exploding, and all the time they knew that they must be blown up, as the secondary supply and magazine were immediately below. They told me afterwards that communication with the main control was cut off, and although they knew they would

be blown up, they also knew that they would spoil the show if they moved; so they remained until actually blown up with their gun. Then when, as wounded men, they were ordered to remain quiet in various places during the second action, they had to lie there unattended and bleeding, with explosions continually going on aboard, and splinters from the enemy's shell-fire penetrating their quarters. Lieutenant Bonner, himself wounded, did what he could for two who were with him in the ward-room. When I visited them after the action, they thought little of their wounds, but only expressed disgust that the enemy had not been sunk. Surely such bravery is hard to equal."

Hard to equal — harder far to speak about! The King said all that can be said: "Greater bravery than was shown by all officers and men on this occasion can hardly be conceived." And again he testified the same by symbols — among them a second bar for Captain Campbell, V.C., D.S.O., R.N.; the Victoria Cross for Lieutenant C. G. Bonner, D.S.C., R.N.R.; and another, under Article 13, for the 4-inch gun's crew, who named Ernest Pitcher, P.O., to wear it to the honour of them all. The whole ship's company is now starred like a constellation; but the memory of their service will long outshine their stars.

From "Submarine and Anti-Submarine"

THE LONG TRAIL[1]

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING was born in Bombay, India, December 30, 1865. He is a prolific writer of prose and verse. Although he has published numerous novels, his short stories form the greater portion of his work. The following poem is taken from his "Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads."

THERE'S a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand gray to the sun,
Singing: "Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,
And your English summer's done."

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song — how long, how long?
Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail — the trail that is always new.

[1] From "Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads." Copyright 1892, 1893 by The Macmillan Company. Copyright 1899 by Rudyard Kipling.

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun
  Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
  Or West to the Golden Gate;

  Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
  And the wildest tales are true,
  And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
  And life runs large on the Long Trail — the trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are gray and old,
  And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll
  Of a black Bilbao tramp;

  With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
  And a drunken Dago crew,
  And her nose held down on the old trail our own trail, the out trail
  From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail — the trail that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
  Or the way of a man with a maid;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
  In the heel of the North-East Trade.

  Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
  And the drum of the racing screw,

As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail,
the out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail — the
trail that is always new?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate as the tackle hooks the
crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;

It's "Gang-plank up and in," dear lass,
It's "Hawsers warp her through!"
And it's "All clear aft" on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
We're backing down on the Long Trail — the trail
that is always new.

Oh the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,
And the syrens hoot their dread!
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless
deep
To the sob of the questing lead!

It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,
Till the mouse swings green on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail — the
trail that is always new.

Oh, the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet powdered floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!

Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,
Her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail — the trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home where the drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring and the wet bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!

Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail — the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start —
We're steaming all too slow,
And it's twenty thousand miles to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!

You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain —
You have heard the song — how long! how long?
Pull out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And the Deuce knows what we may do —
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail — the trail that is always new!

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